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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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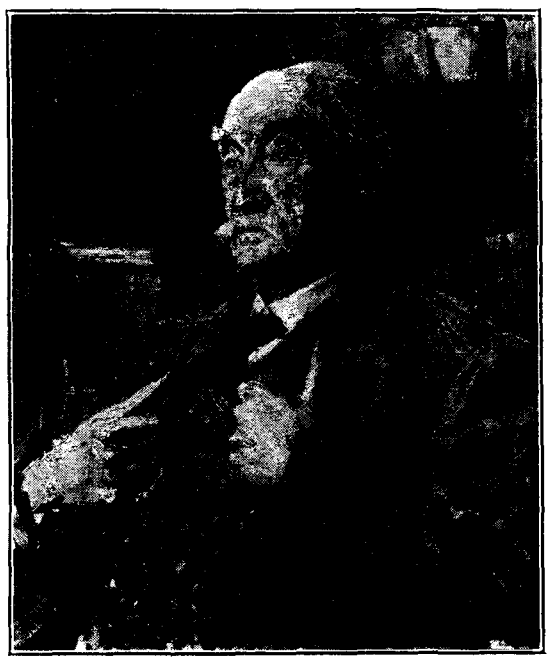

THOMAS HARDY
(From a portrait by Augustus John)

He Carried On

"The last great Englishman is low"

HE was more fortunate than Milton who lived on amid rash and bavin wits that mocked him. The young men praised Thomas Hardy, and although his work had gone on for three generations, they visited him with respect, read his last poems with enthusiasm. His genius was both timely and timeless, the one perhaps because of the other. He was the only Victorian who spoke for both the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries.

But Hardy was first of all a great Victorian. His religion was moral earnestness, and without moral earnestness his great novels—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "The Return of the Native," "Jude the Obscure," and his dramatic epic "The Dynasts" would undate themselves and him. His pessimism, which makes Browning's self-assured confidence seem rash and light, was a moral pessimism shot through with pity. His vision of a ruthless and arbitrary President of the Immortals, so different from the easy Providence that solved the typical Victorian novel, is only an extension of nineteenth century earnestness. What mattered in his stories and his poetry alike was not behaviorism but God. If he called God by a realist's name, refused to make his Judes, his Eustacias, his Tesses live and die by a moral code, and so offended his own contemporaries and endeared himself to youth in rebellion, that did not make him less a contemporary of Tennyson, Arnold, Huxley, and Meredith. His interests were identical with theirs, though his conclusions were so different.

In this last decade of his life the old man at Max Gate was like a monolith of Salisbury plain surrounded by the gimcrack and artifice of a new era. He must have respected his followers less than they him and yet it is certain that he loved them and read their books. The post-war England of light cynicism, of clever boudoir literature, of intellectual poetry fine and fragile as a steel drill, the England afraid to think except in terms of science, and asking no questions of the future, where to be in earnest except in facts was demoded and life was lived for its comforts, must have seemed to him a strange spectacle, to him who took more satisfaction in the earnestness of a Wessex peasant than in erudition and valued Jude's tragedy of intellectual ambition more than a sophisticate's weariness of life.

But Hardy gave no sign. The war, we know, distressed him. It was too big and too mechanical for human values. In the true Victorian sense, it was not interesting because it threatened to become meaningless. And yet the concern of modern England with getting on, and its belief that moral values are so much bunk and *savoir vivre* the only philosophy, did not embitter him. It is incredible that

(*Continued on page* 532)

*When Dead**

By THOMAS HARDY

IT will be much better when
I am under the bough;
I shall be more myself, Dear, then,
Than I am now.

No sign of querulousness
To wear you out
Shall I show there: strivings and stress
Be quite without.

This fleeting life-brief blight
Will have gone past
When I resume my old and right
Place in the Vast.

And when you come to me
To show you true,
Doubt not I shall infallibly
Be waiting you.

*Reprinted, by courtesy of the Macmillan Company, from "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles."

This Week

"A History of Cuba."
Reviewed by *Henry Kittredge Norton.*
"The Royal Family."
Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*
"King Edward VII."
Reviewed by *Wilbur Cortez Abbott.*
Touch Wood.
By *Christopher Morley.*
"Southern Charm."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*
"The Services of Supply."
Reviewed by *T. H. Thomas.*
"The Earth and Its Rhythms."
Reviewed by *Charles P. Berkey.*
The Children's Bookshop.

Next Week, or Later

Thomas Hardy.
By *H. M. Tomlinson.*
Rudyard Kipling, Poet.
By *Leonard Bacon.*

Behold the Critiquins

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

YOU come to the point eventually where the only honest, decent and self-respecting thing to do is to ride at the wind-mills. Cursing them, ridiculing them, complaining about them, ceases to comfort you. And the certain knowledge that you will be knocked south-east by the next creaking swipe of the machine loses its importance. You can, as a statesman in a similar position remarked, no other. And you ride. It is a fairly common occurrence in the world of universal vulgarization, discount, and credit we are so busy digging for ourselves and it is going to become more common. People watch the idiots' ballet with groans, hoots, and cat-calls as long as they can bear it and then let fly with whatever their hands fall on in the dark. Thereby increasing the confusion and assuring the complete success of the performance. But at least preserving for themselves the bleak and comfortless dignity of their own respect. It is not that I believe The Literature Business is worse than any other that I raise this warped pole against it, but because it touches me as a writer and because, whether worse or not, it is so utterly bad that no man now writing who is less than cynical about the labor to which he devotes his life can help but hate it.

Although a distinction must be made here, a distinction which most of us make implicitly but which for lack of a word is not in general operation. There is a group of persons writing to whom The Literature Business is not an enemy but indeed the all and whole of their lives, the cause, means, and end of their writing. These are the novelists and poets who produce not novels and poems but public entertainment in paper and print as a producer produces a musical comedy—with very similar materials and usually with comparable rewards. The word "artist" has frequently been used to exclude this majority from serious discussions of the art of letters. But the history and manners of the word are against it. I prefer to use the word "writer" arbitrarily in its place. Leaving the problem of what to call the other 95 per cent to those who find it worth troubling with. The division between the two parties does not, needless to say, fall along the line of "success:" though, in a civilization like ours, success offers a working rule for off-hand judgments which is more apt to be right than to be wrong. Success with us is a curious addition, for with us it is the many who are successful and the few who are not. To be obscure would require a degree of genius which no man living now conceals.

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By The Literature Business I mean the vast and complicated industry of publicity and comment which, in our time, has erected itself upon and between the two simple facts that some human beings sometimes create out of words works of art and that other human beings sometimes value them. It is, in its common form, altogether an entrepreneur business. The publishing business is not part of it though the publishing business generally aids, abets, and truckles to it. The writer himself is merely its raw material or the producer of its raw material, hen to its poultryman. The reader is its Public. Like most entrepreneur activities it exists solely for itself, for the profit of its stockholders, and the fame and wages of its staff. But the parallel is not complete for in The Literature Business the managers, unlike the classical impresario of the stage, are themselves the performers.

The discovery which established the industry in

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our day was the discovery that books are News. There was a time when books were books. There was even a time when books were published without noise and made their way among their readers from hand to hand without pleading or claque; when written criticism for the public eye was unknown; when the audience imagined by a writer for his work was a disinterested audience, an audience to whom the book would be neither a means of livelihood nor a means to notice, but simply and completely a book, good or bad. That time did not endure; could not, perhaps, with the vulgarization of printing and reading, endure; was, perhaps, well buried and put down. But it would require an advocate of considerable skill to convince me that the books written in that time were inferior to those written since, under the critic's watchful eye and with the critic's never failing aid. There was also a time, and later, when criticism, though it existed, was a function of literature; when books were assayed by men, themselves competent writers, whose interest in the book was the interest of a writer and whose prejudices were the prejudices of men of letters, illuminating if personal, and in any event easy to recognize and discount. That time does still, to a certain extent, in some men, in a few aristocratic corners, remain. But for the greater part, the criticism even of writers is in our day corrupted with the kind of thought and kind of feeling characteristic of the employees of The Business. That is to say, it is corrupted by the conception of criticism as a function, not of literature, but of journalism.

What concerns me is not the effect of this conception on contemporary criticism, but its effect on the writer. It is a subject which, from pride, or a sense of shame, or a sense of disgust, is not often referred to. It is none the less important. The moment that criticism-as-a-function-of-journalism took the place of criticism, the "review" of a book ceased to be incidental to the book; the book became incidental to the review. For it is news in the modern world which is important, and the write-up was the news: the book itself, the book as a work of art, was merely its occasion, its very incidental occasion, the cracked safe which makes the newspaper story. At the same time the journalist critic became more important, far more important, than the writer. He was a man of profession. He signed his articles. He built up a clientèle. He established a reputation for being good at this or that kind of book. He worked out, not a knowledge of letters (many of the great men of the profession were practically illiterate) but a personal technique into which some literature fitted and other literature did not. He was facetious, or he was whimsical, or he was professorial, or he was slangy. But in any case he was always himself, always the well-known journalist, always the leader of his herd. And the books had to come to him.

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It ought not to require any great effort of imagination (memory will probably do) to picture the fate of the writer before this gentleman. The writer was simply the ball-tosser, the string puller. The public was there, not to examine the writer but to watch the great performer do his stuff. For the contemporary public in America (and abroad as well) always prefers the commentator, the interpreter, the middle-man, to the creative mind—instance, of course, the influence of Mr. Mencken in America and Mr. Wells in England. The chance of the writer to come off well in the resultant show depended, then, altogether on whether his work fitted the performer's style. The book was, to make use of the most stylish metaphor of our generation, the bull in the ring. If it followed the lures well, if it was a brave book and took the blade cleanly, then it was a fine show and everyone went home happy in the glorious certainty that the book-fighter was the best book-fighter anywhere around and the book was a fine, courageous, open and shut, good, smart, dead book. But if the book, on the other hand, was too big, or too wise, if it refused to charge, or if it charged too hard, it was a bad show—the performer had really done his best: but you know what those Muros are—and everyone threw cushions at the unfortunate volume which was already stuck full of swords in the wrong places and quite ridiculous and had to be let out and killed in the pen behind. For every one knew that the bookador was the best bookador this side of Hoboken.

Consider in this connection the experience of Pound's poetry at the hands of Mr. Edmund Wilson (whom I choose because he is one of the best critics in America and because his misfortunes are therefore, like the unhappily long neck of the otherwise perfect bull-fighter Villalta, national calamities). Pound's error, as I see it, is that he is not a lady, Mr. Wilson's cape-work having been perfected for bulls of that complexion only. Mr. Wilson's bulls are the tauros of passion and of mirth. Mere poetry, poetry made out of poetry, poetry without sex, smirks, or graces, poetry without the sentimentality which passes among us for ironic, poetry without tags of wit, leaves him with his weight weightily on the wrong foot, exclaiming about Real Life (something, presumably, more real than poetry) and stabbing at that part of the volume where its life does not lie. Or consider the handling Joyce now gets in the big show. Joyce simply will not walk into the point and be skewered, and the only thing left to do is to try to look as though he wasn't there in the hope that one of the horses will bite him severely and lead him out of the ring.

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Let anyone who thinks this kind of thing is favorable to the writing of good books ask himself what sense of the dignity of his own work a writer who is acquainted with The Business can possibly retain. And what writer is not acquainted with The Business? The journalist critics have a genius for crawling into the consciousness of all and sundry and rankling there. That indeed is their *métier*. To criticize, to judge, to convince is for the stodgy boys who still love letters. But to be repeated!—there is a goal worthy of the typewriters of the bright.

But if The Business had remained at the journalist stage it would have been supportable. It would still have been necessary to say that literature would have been immeasurably better off without it, and that the best thing that could happen to American or English writing would be to publish books at night in editions of fifteen and circulate them by hand until the last bookador had been driven into the grass by hunger. But mere noise and foolishness can be endured: they neither poison the springs nor corrupt the wells: they merely muddy the water. The Business, however, has not remained at that stage. It couldn't. Not in America. In America industries go from theoretical to practical to *de luxe*. And The Business was enough of an industry, enough like the automobile, to take the usual course. Criticism as a function of journalism (practical) is going out. Criticism as a function of fashion (*de luxe*) is coming in. And the rustle of pink silk is around us like a scent.

What has happened has happened so gayly, so playfully, so twinklingly, that no one has thought to take it in earnest. And now that it has happened the odor and the sound are such that no one dares. It is like those subtle changes that occur in Paris in the apartment houses on the left bank. In September your neighbors are an ambitious novelist, a good painter, a composer given to hard work. In March there are a hundred little persons in Basque berets and student cloaks and the court is full of the delicate clear voices of the not yet dead. It is characteristic of the times. It had to come. And may God give us strength not to endure it long!

The couturier as critic displays at once his indebtedness to the journalist in the same rôle. That is to say he is The Performer. But with a difference. The new critic is not the matador but the mannequin of books. And magnificently he puts it on. He is ordinarily employed by an editor whose business in life is to publish styles in women's hats and styles in women's gowns to whom has come, at the same time, the brilliant idea of publishing styles in women's books (or anybody's books for the matter of that). Or he is employed by the publishers of a smart magazine of smart chat dedicated to styles in general, styles in painters, styles in countesses, styles in polo, to whom the style in books is a style like another, proper for the observation of the kind of stylish people whose eye they hope (quite incidentally to their pure artistic purpose) the stocking manufacturers and interior decorators may be willing to pay to catch. And his job is precisely to put on, one after the other, the newest literary modes and parade them for the instruction of an audience whose single artistic ambition is never to admire anything they ought not to admire; whose dogging fear is that they may sometime be taken in: the rich uncivilized who dare not praise. The performance of his task is all ordered beforehand. His style and ambit are as circumscribed as those of his less pretentious and more honest Parisian prototype, the favorite gait being an easy facetiousness, a trim skirt, a clever ankle, and an occasional delicious wriggle of the posteriors to remind his readers that none of that ugly old puritanism goes down with really smart people any more. And his goal is set for him as well. Be gay and witty with the gayety and wit of your colleagues in the What-the-Prince-of-Wales-will-wear department down the hall, be up to date, be roguish, and let who dares write books.

What happens with these people is exactly what one would expect to happen. The book, the object to be judged, disappears completely from the scene, leaving its title, its plot or what not, its publishers, and its price like dry soup bones in a rubbish heap. There remains the critiquin. And there enters, Ah, there enters, the writer! But not as writer. Never again as writer. As a personality in the public eye, as a smart figure, as a name you all must know, as someone the critiquin has met at dinner at Lady Umph's. The fact, if it only were one, that Mr. T. S. Eliot climbed the Dents du Midi in a one-piece bathing suit does away with all necessity of understanding his poetry. The fact, equally, alas, apocryphal, that Mr. W. B. Yeats shaves in camel milk is the equivalent of a reading of his work. The critiquin puts on their personal histories, flirts twice across the page, and any dinner table in the suburbs can be brilliant for an hour. This personal presentation of the Author is the great distinction between criticism as a function of journalism and criticism as a function of Style. The bookadors never did that. They made stupid statements. They said "of the three novelists X, Y and Z, Z is better than Y and Y is better than X." Or they said "this is the most considerable thus and so yet written by an American with freckles living south of a line between Cleveland and Sheridan, Wyoming." But they never substituted for journalism photographs of the young Author in an informal pose against the Engadine.

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To suppose that the fashion critics, because they are impotent to judge, are impotent to harm is to be rather too idealistic. In a recent number of one of the most widely tabled of the couturier magazines the person entrusted with the chic of the book column undertook to notice a book by Mr. E. E. Cummings. Mr. Cummings, he began, is not a writer; he is a stage other writers go through. (I do not pretend to quote accurately but the epigram was at least as brilliant as the above.) Mr. Cummings, he went on, confuses simplicity of mind with simplicity of soul—or simplicity of soul with simplicity of mind, I forget which: in any event the second sentence fell off a bit from the first. When, he allowed himself to wonder, would the young men learn that all this obscurity business is quite out of style. (It is the duty of the critiquin to keep the customers assured that anything they cannot read and forget as easily as his lucid periods is really not worth bothering about: it is a delightful and prosperous world and his customers are the most intelligent people in it.) However, he concluded (there was more which I think I may permit myself to omit) God permitted the *Dial* to be published to enable Mr. Cummings and his likes to live. Now I do not intend to rush to the defense of Mr. Cummings. He has warmer admirers than I. And he is, I should judge (I have met him but once), quite capable of taking care of himself. Nor do I wish to discuss Mr. Cummings's lack of means of livelihood concerning which the critiquin is so well informed and as to which, from the warmth of his comfortable berth between the stockings and the stick-pins, he is so willing to inform his *beau*, *beau monde*. But I cannot refrain from remarking that Mr. Cummings is one of the few poets in America worthy of consideration, and the author of a book of prose which has been almost universally admired. That his work is at least worthy of the respectful intelligence of those who have it to give. And that if I were Mr. Cummings the above remarks would have filled me with a disgust for my profession which would certainly have affected the work I was able to do for some time after. Possibly Mr. Cummings is more philosophic. I doubt it. The creative intelligence (as the critiquin would never comprehend) requires a transparence of mind, a naked sensitiveness, which puts it outside the protection of the stoic arm.

But the evil of Couturier Criticism does not lie

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in the fact that it is practised by frivolous and callous people. It could hardly be practised by anyone else. Nor does its harm inhere in the fact that its exponents are irresponsible people, people with no literary standing and therefore people answerable only to the fashion publishers who employ them. Its evil lies in its mere existence. For its inevitable effect is to deprive all writing of value and put it at the level of the things a smart woman ought to know. And that destruction of value poisons the art itself at its springs. It corrupts the artist's mind. For no writer with the possible exception of Georg who is said (critiquins take note) never to open his mail, can avoid the contamination of the stuff. Publication is so universal, personal slander spreads so rapidly, that a man would have to live in Mesched to ignore the treatment his fellows or himself receive. Writing presupposes reading and no writer over twenty makes a book without having in his head as he does so a picture of the public it will have to face. He does not write *for* that public but neither does he write without it. A poem does not exist on the page but in the mind that reads it there. And courageous, selfless, devoted, though a man may be, the foreknowledge that whatever he writes will be passed under the tongues and forefingers of persons who will see in it no more than an occasion for their own cleverness, or an excuse for their intimate attentions to himself, cannot help but irritate and distort the all too present self-consciousness which is the sickness corrupting the work of my generation. His tendency must be to hide, to cover up, to dissimulate, to keep his jaw guarded at all costs, to protect *himself*. (I am talking of writers: not the morbid practitioners of exhibitionism to whom the attentions of the critiquins are only too delightful.) The quiet of mind, the cleanness of thought, the belief in his work, the pureness and piety without which no beautiful thing can be made, are troubled in him and destroyed. Who would put the best thing of which his life was capable into the hands of a dress designer to judge? Or who would believe in it once he had put it there? But beauty! What is beauty to the critiquin? Something to belt about his sex and caper in. Something to twist into a sophisticated geranium and stick behind his ear. Or more honestly, something he cannot understand; something he can only ridicule. As a midinette would ridicule the costumes on a Chinese jar. Cheapening and soiling all he cannot own.

For a single writer in my position to damn the major part of contemporary criticism is a kind of hysterical and quixotic folly. I am perfectly aware of that. The effect resembles that produced by certain female pacifist organizations during the war. But for all writers who believe in the dignity of their own work or who wish to believe in the value of their own work to oppose and condemn it would not be a foolish thing. Like most great industries The Business rests on the consent of the exploited: it could not rest on their contempt. It is even possible that their contempt might in time destroy the twisted, grinning mirror and give them back the natural and unaffected audience they have lost.

Our Island Neighbor

A HISTORY OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC. By CHARLES E. CHAPMAN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

ONE lays down this volume with the gratifying feeling that here was a task which needed sorely to be done, that it appealed to a man admirably qualified to do it, and that he has accomplished it in excellent fashion. We have had many articles on Cuba, some few more or less useful books, and innumerable special pleas, but heretofore we have had no competent and objective survey of the progress of the island republic. Professor Chapman, from his knowledge of the Spanish language, long study of Spanish civilization in America, and years of research in Spain and several countries of Latin-America, speaks with a double authority. His work commands the respect of American scholarship and it is above the charge—so freely made against every critic of Latin-American processes—that he does not understand the Latin-American temperament.

This elusive thing, the Latin-American temperament, which in some mysterious way is supposed to afford a justification for all sorts of political rascality from the Rio Grande to Patagonia, is thrown in the face of every Anglo-Saxon who attempts to call things in that region by their real names. Only a few chosen individuals of Nordic proclivities are able to comprehend it and by its grace they become forthwith apologists for everything Latin-American which the average and unillumined Anglo-Saxon would condemn.

Professor Chapman swerves neither to right nor to left to accommodate the Latin-American temperament. He cuts through it with a knowledge of facts which is unanswerable and lays bare in all its ugliness Latin-American political practice as it finds expression in one of the most prosperous and enlightened of the Latin-American republics. The result is not edifying but at least it is real. Furthermore it affords a basis of understanding which will enable both the American and the Cuban people to attack more effectively the problems which are before them.

The progress—or as a prominent Cuban has

EDEN PHILLPOTTS
A complete edition of this English writer's works has just been issued by Macmillan.

called it, the regress—of Cuba since the memorable day in 1902 when the United States handed over to the Cubans the control of their own affairs has in it the elements of national tragedy. Under General Wood the administration had come close to the highest ideal of Anglo-Saxon political philosophy. The moment he left the island, there began a life-and-death struggle between this Anglo-Saxon ideal and the Spanish political tradition, the accepted belief that public office is a private graft. Estrada Palma held fairly close to the standard of Wood; Jose Miguel Gomez stepped some distance from it; Menocal leaped away, while Alfredo Zayas fairly ran riot in an orgy of graft and misgovernment.

The tragedy is not confined to the Presidents. They were but typical of the politicians who surrounded them, a voracious group of human wolves who stopped at nothing, murder included, to feed their passions and to fatten their pocketbooks. The ways of the "chivo"—the goat—the symbol of venality in Cuban politics, are infinite. All of the traditional methods of Tammany at its worst it has adopted, embroidered, expanded, and improved upon, until even the worst of the Tiger brood must gasp in admiration.

And all of this is not merely a thing of passing interest for Americans. The United States, because of the Spanish-American War, is the foster-parent of this young Republic. Not only morally but legally, by the Treaty of Paris, is it bound to see that it behaves itself as a member of the family of nations. And by the Platt Amendment it has retained the right to admonish, to correct, and even to restrain, the political activities of the republic when they get too far outside the frame of its constitution.

For the present there are promises of better things. The administraiton of President Machado is reported as a definite turning of the tide toward saner governmental practices.

Before any responsible American citizen joins in the specious cry of "imperialism" he would do well to inform himself of the fundamentals of the problem. Nowhere will he find them stated more clearly or more fairly than in Professor Chapman's history.

The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE ROYAL FAMILY, a Comedy in Three Acts. By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and EDNA FERBER. Produced by Jed Harris at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, December 28, 1927.

Reviewed from Performance and Manuscript

IF anyone still doubts that plays intelligently, imaginatively, and skilfully produced play better than they read, I would cite to him "The Royal Family." Although it is yet unpublished, the reputation of its authors will undoubtedly carry it into print. That is to be hoped, because it would not only be a permanent record of an original and refreshing achievement of our contemporary theatre, but it would also give us a keener appreciation of the share which producer and players have had in its successful interpretation.

More than any play with literary pretensions produced thus far this season, this comedy of the actor at home—back of back stage, as it were—leans on the theatre and its devices for the full unfolding of its latent values. Incessantly dynamic with its goings and comings, its flights upstairs and down, its climactic moments when everyone is talking at once, "The Royal Family" really comes to life only on the stage. Only playwrights as accustomed as Kaufman and Miss Ferber to the visual and oral language of the stage, apart from and in addition to the bare word, could have written it. Only a producer with the perspicacity and ingenuity of Jed Harris could, in the first place, have detected its oral and visual possibilities, and, in the second, have so completely and richly translated them, touched them to life.

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Even more palpably than in the same producer's "Broadway," the stage directions of "The Royal Family" are, to the reader, confusing, monotonous. Even more than in "Broadway," they prove when transmuted behind the footlights to have been the uncut diamonds of dramatic characterization, the true stage helpmeet of the word in the theatre-as-literature. Perhaps the most conclusive evidence in proof of this inference is the baffled, inarticulate way in which the authors have tried to represent in type simultaneously uttered speeches, voices impatiently breaking in on one another. Oral and visual performance on a stage can plausibly represent, harmonize, and orchestrate these phases of life, just as music harmonizes and orchestrates simultaneous voices and instruments. The printed page cannot.

One of the most interesting angles from which to view "The Royal Family" is its suppositional travesty on an actual great acting family. The authors may protest innocence of this motive, but the deadly parallel still stands between the Cavendishes, of the play, and the Barrymores, of ours. Mother, tradition-hallowed father, daughter, son, uncle, and manager—Cavendishes and Deans and Oscar Wolfe—are but thinly disguised caricatures of Georgie Drew, Maurice, Ethel, and John Barrymore, John Drew, and Charles Frohman. Lionel Barrymore alone is graciously or inadvertently spared. Details differ from facts but only to the extent of the usual liberty caricaturists invariably claim. Otto Kruger's Anthony Cavendish is most unmistakable, perhaps, as a caricature of the volatile Jack. No, the authors of "The Royal Family" cannot plead innocence unless they likewise admit ignorance, and that would be a more humiliating confession than guilt.

* * *

What of this guilt that prevailing convention apparently attaches to the dramatic, and to a lesser extent the purely literary, presentation of actual living or recently deceased people? Is it so reprehensible, after all? The esthetic teapot brewed a sizeable tempest when Shaw pilloried Asquith and Lloyd George in "Back to Methuselah." H. G. Wells's use of a similar technique roused more discussion than the genuinely significant social themes of the novels in which he applied it. The good taste of Samuel Hopkins Adams was widely impugned when in the novel and the play, "Revelry," he boldly sketched President Harding and his cronies.

I can see why, if this esthetic artifice is to be disparaged, its use on the stage would call forth more obloquy than in any other medium of artistic expression. The theatre addresses itself without barrier or intermediary to the mind and to all the senses at once. A figure therein is three-dimensional and plastic. It can be made uncannily veracious. A

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caricature therein is, therefore, thrice as potent as on the printed page or in the artist's drawing.

But I cannot understand the legitimacy of this ostracism of caricature of the actual and the living. How does it differ from the same process applied to figures from past history? Shaw's Caesar, his Cleopatra, his Joan; Sherwood's Hannibal; Fagan's Pepys; O'Neill's Marco Polo. No one objects to them. Is the past defenseless, friendless? Or aren't we, rather, too squeamish about our contemporaries? The great ages of history and of art had no such qualms. Cleon and Socrates had to sit in the Theatre of Dionysus and pretend to like Aristophanes's caricatures of them whether they did or no. Aren't we of today lacking not only in breadth of mind but also in virility?

The caricatures of "The Royal Family" are never ill-mannered, ill-humored, virulent. The vein of travesty, of caricature, is not slavishly observed. Alongside obstreperous wit runs a tender and at times a deeply earnest and profound respect for the calling of the player. This Royal Family genuinely believes in its prerogatives, its responsibilities, and the authors do not belittle that faith.

(*Mr. Sayler wiill review next week "Behold the Bridegroom," by George Kelly.*)

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

Still Running in New York

BURLESQUE. By *Arthur Hopkins* and *George Manker Watters*. Plymouth Theatre. The personal equation beneath pink tights and putty nose.

THE GOOD HOPE. By *Herman Heijermans*. Civic Repertory Theatre. A European repertory veteran ably revived on our only repertory stage.

PORGY. By *Dorothy* and *DuBose Heywood*. Republic Theatre. The rhythms of Negro life interpreted in pulsing drama.

ESCAPE. By *John Galsworthy*. Booth Theatre. Leslie Howard *et al.* in the dramatist's latest—and last—play.

THE IVORY DOOR. By *A. A. Milne*. Charles Hopkins Theatre. An ironic and whimsical fairy tale for grown-ups.

AND SO TO BED. By *J. B. Fagan*. Bijou Theatre. A satiric and pungent comedy based on a presumable day in the amorous life of Samuel Pepys, Esq.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. By *Bernard Shaw*. Guild Theatre. A debated and debating play set squarely on its feet at last by sound acting and discerning direction.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS. By *Sean O'Casey*. Hudson Theatre. The Irish Players lift the curtain on a Dublin tenement under the rebellion.

PARIS BOUND. By *Philip Barry*. Music Box. A young American playwright comes into his own with a triumph of the casual.

Not Legend, But Truth

KING EDWARD VII, A BIOGRAPHY. By Sir Sidney Lee (and others). Vol. 2. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $8.50.

Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott
Harvard University

IT goes without saying that a great many persons in the world awaited with much interest the second volume of Sir Sidney Lee's life of Edward VII; and none more than those concerned with the international relations of the European powers. For many years there had been growing up a legend about the "Peacemaker"—or the "Encircler"—which made him one of the great and fascinating mysteries of the world. The young prince Hal who, deprived of any share in public affairs by his queen mother, until he was past fifty, having virtually no influence such as might naturally be expected from a crown prince, devoting himself to those pleasures of the world—to omit the other two ingredients of that famous trinity—making innumerable acquaintances and friends in every country and in every rank of life, then suddenly and at a grave crisis in the affairs of Europe, coming to the throne, and thereafter the most active figure in European diplomacy—it is no wonder that he was an object of intense interest to a great many people.

So there grew up a legend about him. Its chief idea was that he rescued Great Britain from that isolation which, by the beginning of the twentieth century, had ceased to seem as "splendid" as it had been proclaimed, and resembled too closely "lonesomeness" to be quite agreeable. He had long been accustomed to travelling about the continent, to its capitals, to its watering-places, to visit its great figures. Would he, when he became king, give up these jaunts—or would their character change? The answer was soon given—in part. He did not give them up. He travelled almost if not quite as much as before; only this time he visited rulers. Little by little, as his reign advanced, Great Britain was found making treaties, "arrangements," "understandings," and finally an "Entente" began to emerge, in which Great Britain was a prominent figure.

So his nephew, the Emperor of Germany, who was such a contrast to him, who so hated him, and whom he, in turn, disliked, began to grow alarmed. He talked of "encirclement," of the "iron ring" which was being forged about Germany by his insidious uncle. He conceived, with his natural modesty, that this activity was directed toward him. He took steps—it would be more proper to say that he made gestures—to counteract this perfidious policy. The world still remembers some of those steps and those gestures, which were chiefly directed to the edges of Europe, to Morocco and Turkey in particular. It recalls other things which it is not necessary to repeat now. The situation became not precisely a duel between uncle and nephew—that would not describe it in fact or even in appearance; but, let us say, an example of different techniques. But it had tremendous influence upon affairs, most of all upon the imaginations of nervous statesmen.

And was it justified? That is the question which it was hoped by many that this second volume of the life of Edward VII would answer. Was Edward VII a shrewd, far-sighted, intriguing diplomat, directing his country's foreign policy at home and carrying it out abroad; bending his own statesmen to his will and persuading those of France and Italy and Spain and Russia to support it? That was the conception held of him and of his policy and activities by many persons. That was the impression held by his nephew in particular; and so, no doubt, by the central powers in general. It was, in some measure, held outside that circle. The world is always eager to personify such a change as took place in British foreign policy at the beginning of the twentieth century; and it found in Edward VII an ideal figure for such a legend.

* * *

So we open the pages of the second volume of his life with eager anticipations of the "revelations" it will give. Unfortunately the real affairs of life are not conducted on the principle of the sensational journalist or the writer of mystery stories; and, no doubt to the regret of many, Sir Sidney Lee and those who completed his work are not inspired with the muse of Colonel Repington, Mrs. Asquith, and the rest of those who have lowered the art of memoir writing in recent years. They feel responsibility; they have no craving for notoriety; they even seem to regard the spirit of "now it can be told" with some sort of disfavor. It would have been so easy to make this a romance. There were all the elements of a great adventure in that field—a picturesque and engaging king, a great crisis in international affairs, palace intrigues, wily statesmen, secret treaties, rushings here and there, conferences behind closed doors, hints and nods more potent than words; in fact a whole world of mysterious happenings and great personages and momentous events and decisions.

And, viewed from the standpoint of some of their countrymen and women who took the other course, they missed their opportunity. It would have been so easily possible to write this book in such a different spirit, a spirit which would have rejoiced the hearts of the sensation-mongers, and the publishers. It might well have become the "outstanding success of the year," a "best-seller," a "revelation"—and it is nothing but a good biography. It is very disappointing to those who had expected something very different.

* * *

And it leaves, and must of necessity leave, the great puzzle more or less unsolved. Was Edward VII the creator of the new British policy, or merely its salesman on the Continent? Was it his own amazing, subtle talent for intrigue which conceived and "put across" this reversal of Britain's situation? Was it this one man who did all this?

That is not the way things happen in the world. There is a cabinet and a parliament in Great Britain, and two parties—or three—to be considered. Kings no longer "direct" affairs; they may, at best, use their "influence" on one side or another—but most discreetly, and not in a political sense at all. And so we find here no "revelations" of the "secret" policies of state; no "intrigues." We find a middle-aged to elderly gentleman who happens to be king taking his share in the affairs of the world, socially to all appearances, chatting with this royalty and that statesman as he goes about the world; consulting, no doubt, with his government; perhaps merely carrying out their decisions; filling well-nigh to perfection the office of a constitutional monarch with a gift for diplomacy and society and popularity, a good fellow, an agreeable companion, a great gentleman, and a shrewd and honest man, going about his business in the world quietly and as unobtrusively as a king can be, with an eye to the interests of his country, as his duty was. But there is nothing very romantic or spectacular in the business of the world to those who are engaged in it. It is romantic only to the outsider—and to the incurable romanticists of the public press. Probably they are right; probably we are too prosaic; probably there is more of romance than we know.

But it is not in this book. Its authors have done a workmanlike job. It is not exciting; it is not romantic; it is not indiscreet; it is not "revealing;" it is only interesting as a story of a very interesting man engaged in an interesting occupation. There are some who will find in this statement high praise—but it will never be a best-seller; it will never be of great assistance to legend, nor even to the "secret" historian.

He Carried On

(*Continued from page* 529)

he was unaware of these alien modes, for young men and poets—men particularly who had been wounded to the soul by their war experiences—kept near to him. And even in his eighties he wrote on undisturbed in verse that now was as different from the modern note in its moral preoccupations as it had been different from the verse of his Victorian contemporaries in its sober realism, its determinant philosophy, and its style of heightened prose.

There would have been little use in asking Thomas Hardy why he alone of all his generation kept in sympathy with a present which had nearly destroyed his past. One doubts if his answer would have been relevant. But we can guess and with some assurance. For like Milton fallen on troublous times, but with the clearer view of the realist philosopher, he had only to wait for such interests as his to renew their power. If we are bored by the moral problems of human nature and excited only by the revelation of the strength of instinct or the mechanics of mental behavior, that is not because there are no moral problems or because psychology is the solution to every plot. Back to the moral problems of the type Victorians we shall presumably never go, but then Hardy was not interested in the terms which Gladstone or Tennyson set upon their philosophies. He shared their earnestness but not their prejudices. And himself untroubled by prejudice, the cynical iconoclasts, the eager materialists of the twentieth century, must have seemed to him actors in an interlude of his world tragedy, where Consequences played their little scene until Causes should again sweep on into the great drama of the human Will.

Thomas Hardy is the Victorian that carried on. He is our link with a past that for all its errors is the foundation of whatever idealism we still possess, and his enduring influence with a generation so alien to the confident England of his youth, is a sign for the future that the thoughtful cannot disregard. As a man of letters we do not attempt to assess him here, although whether his personal influence will last depends upon questions of art rather than philosophy. But as a voice of England, and indeed of the Anglo-Saxon world, which, diverse in breed and manners, is still a cultural whole, this novelist and poet reminds us that when the captains of industry and the kings of trade depart the prophet in the wilderness will still be questioning God.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Bowling Green

Touch Wood

NEWS of his death sent one outdoors, so clear, so hale, so mild a day in brown January. Regret not me, he once said; lover of cider and women and the country dance, noticer of all the things of earth, how often he had made suggestion in his poems of ways we might greet his memory when he was gone.

It could not be done indoors; and thankfully it did not have to be done in the city, in an office, among palaver and the goodly merriments of one's fellows. It was strange to think that even thousands of miles from where he lay silent, telephones must ring and editors make their arrangements because he had "doffed his wrinkled gear." But here was bright silence, a morning springlike, savory earth in thaw, the clean tracery of bare trees on blue. And by some deep instinct every thought was of plain and elemental things. One wanted to smell earth, to touch wood, to taste cold water, to light fires. One thought of bread and salt and apples; of the gestures of country toil, of the marshy pond and the crowing of cocks. One thought of his poems, simple and nourishing as a bowl of bread and milk to tastes long overfed with rich delicates.

A morning for simple things, not a morning for (you remember the Preface to his *Late Lyrics,* in 1922) "the knowingness affected by junior reviewers." On so halcyon a sky, in such clear memory of all things dear, one could see the proud and puzzled heads that one had loved, profiled against darkness. Even the dark would perhaps be tender to such heads. And he, who made the hearts of men and women his brooding study, and who knew that no lesser study is worthy of man's full power, would have welcomed the magic of that western air. Instinct, enriched by thought of him, made one quick to see and hear things close at hand. The laughter of three small girls, singing as they were taken to school; the easy loafing attitude of men strewing cinders on the road: the slack working gesture of the negro and the Mediterranean, but perhaps not so different from his own Wessex laborers. In the thick dead leaves the old dog lay curled, raising his hairy jowls of Socrates to scan a neighbor's quick hens picking a trespass on his land, but too indolent with age and sunshine to protest. He growled a little inwardly, and pretended that with such shaggy brows he did not see them. In the village post office the garage man, usually so active, was sitting for a little philosophy. "There's not ten men in a hundred," I overheard him say, "who could tell you they never take a drink. Well, life's what you make it."

One wanted to think about things that were very real and humble. He was going back to earth, and earth everywhere was richer for it. One thought of clean things and sharp things; of troubled ironies and shy pangs. One wanted, I say, to touch wood; to hear the crescendo secant of a saw-blade going through logs, to feel and smell the fresh section. One raked and rummaged, aimlessly perhaps, but alert to notice the shapes of pebbles, the feel of stick and stone, the color and smell of bonfire smoke. One could not have easily explained to any visitor that in burning a pile of trash in the back lot one was trying to pay honor to Thomas Hardy; but so it was.

There was a soft clear night when a charm was laid on winter, wind and water; when a group of people met by fire and moonlight to play picnic. "Pan, that old Arcadian Knight," random echo from some old song, was their toast, and there was much halloo. Flame was fierce and golden in the hearth and all the watersides glazed with Tennysonian lustre; every prospect pleased and perhaps only John Barleycorn was vile. Yet the occasion was not quite what these jolly truants had dreamed. It was a picnic, not quite a transmigration. Perhaps it should have been conducted without benefit of orgy. Perhaps, to be most perfectly memorable, things must not be too eagerly anticipated. And the odd thing was, so one of these revellers told me, that the most lovely episode in that night of dim silver, was passing the morning milk-wagon as they drove gaily to catch Port Washington's famous 3:46 A.M. train. There, one of Borden's crepuscule galaxy, was the ambling vehicle, with lantern swinging from the axle and Lizzie Borden, the patient piebald, drawing her exuberant freight. Alas that some of these gallants were themselves too piebald to observe the pretty scene, as the milk-wagon emerged in the glare of their speeding lamps. But so, under our merriest anaesthetics, continues the sober tread of humble service and poor human need.

This, I think, Hardy never forgot. He ran the scale of all observations, from the starry nebula to the country girl's garters, but even in writing of Shelley's skylark he remembered the actual pinch of fragile dust that it now may be. I think he never forgot of what sweet craving earth we are put together. Death puts even the greatest at the mercy of random pens. There will be many a yard of print, long prepared in newspaper morgues, about his "pessimism," regardless of his own definite disclaimer. It was not "pessimism" (only a label, anyhow) he said, but simply "questioning." We will be reminded of his

> Sit on Sundays in my chair
> And read that moderate man Voltaire

as evidence of irreligion; yet it was he who so strongly appealed, in almost his last public word, for "an alliance between religion, which must be retained unless the world is to perish, and complete rationality—which must come" (he added) "by means of the interfusing effect of poetry." Those who saw him most often toward the end describe for us the beautiful serenity of his old age, which was certainly not that of a pessimist. But the word means nothing anyhow—

> Let me enjoy the earth no less
> Because the all-enacting Might
> That fashioned forth its loveliness
> Had other aims than my delight.

I have never chanced to find anything of Hardy's in an anthology of humorous verse, and yet there are some of his pieces ("The Ruined Maid," for instance) which will explode any gathering in laughter. Eddie Guest, to my way of thinking, is a far gloomier bard. Occasionally even, by an odd transfusion of J. Gordon Coogler, the laughter was, I fear, unpremeditated. I have never been able to be quite solemn about "The Newcomer's Wife." Outside a pub the Newcomer hears some unpleasant truths about his bride of the preceding week—

> That night there was the splash of a fall
> Over the slimy harbour-wall:
> They searched, and at the deepest place
> Found him with crabs upon his face.

Someone is sure to reiterate the old legend that it was pique or deep indignation at fool criticisms that turned Hardy from the novel to poetry. That seems to me inconceivable. A man of his vitality and toughness writes as and how he pleases; and the sequence of a man's work obeys laws deeper than publicity. He turned to poetry, one may guess, because he could better express in that measure what he wanted to say. He had things to say that could hardly be uttered in prose: so has every human being. Well might most men—even a Shakespeare or a Milton—having finished *The Dynasts* at the age of sixty-seven—rest on their blotters. But see how, past seventy, he began life anew, and wrote still a whole bookfull of exquisite song. Even if we of this age had nothing else to be proud of could we not say, We were alive, actual denizens of this planet, when *The Dynasts* was written.

The history of the future would be written, he said in one of his most gnomic verses,

> Not as the loud had spoken
> But as the mute had thought.

He spoke for the mute—and one might remember that a Semichorus of Years or Pities is just as mute as a Wessex milkmaid. He spoke for the mute, and for all that is most dumb, most craving, most troubled in ourselves. His consolation (you remember his poem "The Subalterns") was that of the British viceroy in Ireland in the old days, who received a letter: "My Lord, this is to inform you that we shall kill you tomorrow, but nothing personal is intended." So, he tells us, life "looks less fell" when we realize that Storm, Sickness and Death are also slaves, and move under sealed orders: their attentions to us mean nothing personal. In a haphazard so vast all eventually acquiesce. But when we see—as oh with what imperilled clearness we do see—faces we love outlined against the dark, see the double question of their eyes, then we can sometimes turn, for pain and beauty, to his stoic lovingkindness. Love, jealousy, anger, greed, cruelty, glamor—all these are the commonplaces of literature; we have been familiar with them in books for so many years. Yet how startled, how indignant, how amazed—even how grateful—we all are when they happen to ourselves.

Once I had a letter from a railway mail-clerk in Nebraska, in which he told me that Hardy was his favorite writer. Crossing those wide prairies in a mail car would be a perfect place to think about him. To think about him needs a sense of space, of quiet, of earth's edge against the wind. One must be able to think of laughter and folly, of country festival, of lips and hands and hair. One must be able to touch wood, light fire, taste wine and bread and salt, things elemental and sacramental. So I have cut logs and brought them in, and I shall burn them tonight in homage of Thomas Hardy.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

An Adroit Novel

SOUTHERN CHARM. By ISA GLENN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

IT is peculiar. what publishers say about their own books. I had read Isa Glenn's latest novel divested of its "jacket." Now, picking up another copy and glancing at the statement on the paper wrap I am informed that "the book clóses on a note of real, if somewhat attenuated, sweetness. Miss Glenn's pæan is perhaps not unmixed with a certain element of satire." Well, this—without any "perhaps" about it—does most certainly roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I had completely missed that "somewhat attenuated sweetness," and "a certain element of satire," forsooth. Where was the person who wrote the dust-cover analysis when most of us were learning just what irony is?

"Southern Charm" is, if you like, a quiet book, and Isa Glenn has always written with detachment. But the latter part of this novel is, to me, crammed with excitement. There can be plenty of excitement without a lot of feverish action, can there not? Of course there can. It would be idiotic to think otherwise. "Southern Charm" is both a comedy of manners and a searing psychological study. The situation in it becomes intense enough to satisfy anyone who finds absorbing a masterly dissection of character. Such is the author's analysis of Mrs. Habersham, to whom she is scrupulously fair and in whom she creates a living and breathing individual. Mrs. Habersham's growth through twenty-four trying hours is a fascination to follow. And how well-written is this entirely unassuming book! It is the work of an accomplished craftsman. In this day of the tediously "audacious," of the big band-wagon, of the search for the sensational, so light but sure a touch as this, so keen but controlled a sense of humor, so richly humane a sophistication is difficult to find. The juxtaposition of Alice May and Laura, the intrusion of Aunt Sallie, Cousin Natalie, and Minnie Lou, the modern New York apartment with a cutback to Miss Cassandra Toombs's finishing school for young ladies, all involve not only delicious irony but a thorough acquaintance with the shallows and depths of tragedy.

Beautifully handled is that moment when Laura fails at the threshold and Mrs. Habersham, the one put hopelessly in the wrong, the dominated and bewildered, again assumes command of the situation. Laura herself is a most natural, gallant, human character. One understands her perfectly. Isa Glenn never goes wrong in this book on what the short-story teachers of the country would call her "motivation," because she is far beyond "concocting" fiction; she merely shows forth the human heart and mind through acute intuition and keen observation.

To me the ending of "Southern Charm" is exhilarating. The author is not one to sit down and cry over the spilt milk of human kindness. But as for the book's ending in "attenuated sweetness" . . . ! That happens to be the objective of its whole assault. And the objective is attained. A rapier has thrust. It is not always necessary—although it might seem so—to bring down a broadsword upon the occiput. This author writes for those who appreciate deftness. In "Southern Charm" she is satisfyingly adroit.

There let us leave it. This is Mrs. Schindel's third novel and each one has been of a different kind. She has manifested her versatility. She writes to satisfy herself, to set forth actuality in all honesty, to exercise her own particular gifts to the full. She is an author the intelligent can read without misgiving. But how *anyone* could call "Southern Charm" a "pæan"! Oh, dear, dear!

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Books of Special Interest

H. Q.—S. O. S.

THE SERVICES OF SUPPLY. A Memoir of the Great War. By GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

ARRIVING in France in the autumn of 1917 as Colonel of a regiment of railway artillery, the author was shortly afterward informed by his Commanding Officer that he had been appointed to command the Advance Section of the Lines of Communications.

"I asked him what that was. He said he did not know." The thing, in fact, did not exist. A French Staff Captain, "in simple language," obligingly explained what it ought to be; and in the effort to bring it about, Colonel Hagood presently found himself Chief of Staff of the whole Lines of Communications organization. This too was hardly in existence, so that it was a case of out of the frying pan into the fire; but the author was set to work busily keeping the fire going, and forging into shape what later became known as the S. O. S.

General Kernan set me to work to get a General Staff started and to build up an organization to meet the needs of the future, while he himself took charge of the immediate situation and tried to get some satisfactory solution to the many big problems bearing down upon us. This arrangement continued to the date of the Armistice. Both under General Kernan and later under General Harbord, I gave little of my time to the actual operation of the S.O.S. My whole effort was given to building up the machine, keeping it in running order, and making preparations for its future development.

This line of demarcation between the duties of Commander-in-Chief and Chief of Staff is not usual and not altogether easy to grasp. As a result of it, the present book does not deal with the work of the S. O. S. but rather with controversies over plans of organization, and with the many conflicts between Tours and Chaumont over questions of policy, methods, and spheres of authority. Even these are touched on in a curiously guarded fashion: after many pages the heart of the matter remains hidden;—and to fulfil the purpose of a "constructive study for future guidance," a good deal would have to be added. Possibly by another hand.

The troubles of the S. O. S. (like those of Ludendorff) came to a head in July, 1918,—largely, apparently, in connection with the efforts of General Hagood and others to "militarize" the Transportation Department. This was under the charge of General Atterbury and other distinguished railroad men from civil life, men of wide experience in the management of American railways but mere tyros in the fine points of Army procedure. "General Pershing . . . said it was natural that the big railroad men in the Transportation Department should be unwilling to give up their own methods and take those of the Army which they did not understand, but that sooner or later they would have to do so." The author's solution was much simpler: in his opinion, ". . . if we could ever get the people of the Transportation Department to consider that they were Army officers instead of transportation men dressed up in costume, nine-tenths of our trouble would be over."

As a first step in militarization, the Department was put under a "Service of Utilities" created for the purpose and directed by Regular Army officers. The author explains that this filled "a useful purpose as a buffer between the Transportation Department and the military." The buffer proved so effective that after some months of it General Atterbury offered to resign. General Pershing then scrapped the buffer; but put in place of it a Regular Cavalry officer as "military adviser" to Atterbury. The author recorded with satisfaction in his diary: "General Atterbury is away from Tours about half the time, and when he is away General Walsh will run the Transportation Department." The war would now be won;—but a hiatus of twenty pages in the text disguises from the reader what actually happened. The author's interpretation of it is even more striking.

At 7.30 a. m. some ten days later, an aide strode into his room with the news that General Pershing would arrive in half an hour.

He also told me that orders had been received from Washington relieving General Kernan from duty with the S.O.S. and sending him to Switzerland. . . . This was certainly a great shock, as General Kernan had rendered most distinguished service in organizing the S.O.S. and it was impossible to understand why he had been replaced. We were told that it was by special selection of the War Department on account of his legal knowledge. We assumed that it must be some very important mission—perhaps preliminary negotiations for peace.

The textual hiatus that masks this dénouement is even better reading. The author here sets apart a chapter to his efforts to do away with the pernicious system of promotion by selection, on the basis of proven capacity. In place of it he urged promotion *en bloc*: under existing conditions "there is no need of holding back in recommending officers until they have done something which warrants a promotion. . . . We might as well stare the question in the face and push forward every man who does not show absolute incompetence. . . ." Word came to Tours that in the U. S. an army of 5,000,000 men was under discussion. General Hagood sat down and drew up "a little table" of the vision that opened. There would be necessary 2,000 Generals, 8,000 Colonels, 10,000 Majors. The brain reels,—but the author pursues his triumphant calculations:

"(c) For an army of 5,000,000 men, all the Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, and 500 senior Captains of May 20th would be Generals, and no officer in the Regular Army of that date would have a grade less than that of Colonel."

Bliss were it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

Science of Geology

THE EARTH AND ITS RHYTHMS. By CHARLES SCHUCHERT and CLARE M. LEVENE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES P. BERKEY
Columbia University

THIS is a book which the layman in the science of geology will welcome. It is avowedly written for him, as witness the opening sentence in the preface which reads: "In the present age, when scientific knowledge is no longer the privilege of the few but spreading in ever widening circles into the ken of the man in the street, geology, the one science that weaves all the others together into a comprehensive whole, seems not to have received the attention it abundantly deserves."

There are 385 pages of exceedingly readable text, and an excellent index. Geologic terms are explained as they are introduced into the text. There are thirty-one chapters, arranged in a logical order which begins with "Air, Water, and Sunshine," and then takes up the earth's crust, rain, rivers, valleys, swamps, glaciers, deserts, plains, seas, the changing face of the earth and resultant effects such as volcanoes and hot springs, and concludes with the history of the earth through the Ice Age to the Coming of Man.

⁂

The book is profusely illustrated, the majority of the photographs showing scenes in North America. Some are of very recent geologic events, such as the view, on page 193, showing the lava creeping down the slope of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, taken by the U. S. Army Air Service, April 18, 1926. The diagrams preserve a simplicity which adds immensely to their effectiveness. Each chapter head has a sketch or a photograph which serves as a key picture, and many of them are accompanied by appropriate quotations.

Professor Schuchert's recognized standing in the world of geological science is guarantee of the soundness of the views expressed and the reliability of the geology expounded. Although the book is professedly for the "man of the street," the authors do not belittle his intelligence by "talking down to him." Rather do they explain the intricacies of the science so that an intelligent man may understand and be stimulated by contact with the science of geology, introduced by the hand of a master.

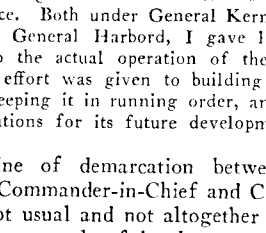
The book is printed on strong, unglazed paper, in very black, simple, and easily readable type which will delight the reader and rest the eye.

GALLANT LADIES

By

Cameron Rogers

Author of "The Magnificent Idler," etc.



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THE QUEEN OF CABALS
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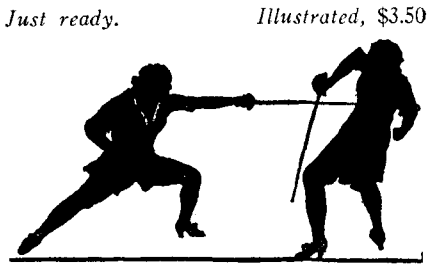

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

OF the four prizes awarded every year to novels and novelists, three (Goncourt, Femina, Renaudot) are bestowed in December. Two went, this year, to provincial studies, one to an exotic romance. Nothing is less strictly Parisian nowadays than Parisian literature. We have become decentralized, cosmopolitan, and enjoy it.

Maurice Bedel, laureate of the Prix Goncourt, has written a very amusing and misleading book about Norwegian or rather Nordic minds, morals, and manners. (*Jérôme*, 60° latitude Nord. N. R. F..) "Jérôme" might have been left unwritten and uncrowned without serious damage. But it combines in a subtle manner the peculiar mannerisms of the post-war generation (Giraudoux, Morand, Mac-Orlan); it may become a landmark for future historians of literary fashions and, as such is not unworthy of the transitory fame conferred by Prix Goncourt. "Maïtena," by Robert Nabonne (Crès & Co.), unfolds its tale in the Basque country, Western Pyrenees, already illustrated by Loti, Rostand, Francis Jammes. It obtained the Renaudot prize, a purely honorific distinction granted by a committee of literary reporters. "Grand Louis l'Innocent," by Marie Le Franc (Rieder), takes us to the weather-bitten shores of Morbihan, in Brittany. It was awarded the Femina prize. Lucienne Fabre or Suzanne Normand might have won if Marie Le Franc, an epic poet of the truest type, disguised as a novelist, had not, through sheer vitality, conquered the majority. She is the daughter of a coast guard, became a schoolmistress in Morbihan, emigrated to Canada, and is still teaching. Jean-Richard Bloch has "discovered" her. Let them both be congratulated. But, if you have read Victor Hugo's prose novels, do not expect the unexpected from Marie Le Franc's style and story.

If I had the doubtful privilege of being a literary "juryman" I would have voted, this year, for Julien Green. He is an American, brought up in France, and writes in French. He may have the "Grand Prix du Roman" from the French Academy. But he needs no prize to be recognized by connoisseurs as perhaps the most promising novelist of our time. His first two books, "Mont-Cinère" and "Adrienne Mesurat," should be read by whoever studies novel writing for its own sake.

❧ ❧

The above notes on prize-winners are rather sketchy. But the object of my letters is not to advertise books already well advertised. I prefer exploration to pilgrimages. If you are of the same mind, read the volumes published by the small Librairie Sans Pareil, especially Courtois Suffit's "La Tête, Ma Prison." And, if you are oppressed by some of the most pressing problems of our time, let me call your attention to "Les Soirées de Saverne," by Jean de Pange (V. Attinger, Paris and Neufchatel). Lord Nevil (Lord Robert Cecil), his sister Corinne, a Canadian: Le Clerc, professor at Oxford, a young Alsatian; Selbst, and the author himself, are spending a week end *chez les de Pange*, at Saverne, in Elsass, and discuss their aspirations. The first evening is devoted to the Alsatian problem, which combines the questions of double culture, ethical minorities, and Franco-German relations. The second "Soirée" contains a candid and searching discussion of Nationalism, and the third is concerned with the formation of those trans-national leaders of men who are wanted, all the world over, to save us from further catastrophes. Nothing can exceed the intellectual wealth and thoughtful simplicity of that comparatively unadvertised little book. But let us return to "pure" literature.

❧ ❧

There, again, trans-nationalism awaits us. Panaït Istrati, a Rumanian writing in French, who has recently won a high place among novelists, publishes "Mikhail" (Rieder) and I have received from the same firm the translation of a modern Japanese novel, "La Porte," by Natsume Sukki. But, in France as elsewhere, history displaces fiction.

In his recent "Aspects of the Novel," E. M. Forster claims for the novel a right to sub-reality. "If a character in a novel is exactly like Queen Victoria—not rather like, but exactly like—then it actually *is* Queen Victoria, and the novel, or all of it that the character touches, becomes a memoir." Call it Memoir or Novel, such a book would be a great success. For all their boasts of introspection most of our novelists (and readers) are inveterate realists, that is, translators into facts, or fibs, of whatever they are pleased to call: hidden life. "The hidden life is by definition hidden," says Mr. Forster.

> The hidden life that appears in external signs is hidden no longer, has entered the realm of action. And it is the function of the novelist to reveal the hidden life at its sources: to tell us more about Queen Victoria than could be known, and thus produce a character who is not the Queen Victoria of history.

And he quotes in support of his opinion an "interesting and sensitive French critic" who signs "Alain" and has written "Système des Beaux Arts" (N. R. F.).

Great is "Alain" and Forster his prophet. But, if the novelist's business is to produce characters unlike reality, then his function is becoming progressively usurped by biographers.

❧ ❧

Three great "Shops" have been, for the last three or four years, turning out "Lives" at the rate of a score a year. Flammarion's "Vies Amoureuses" are, I am afraid, read for the sake of the "story" rather than the "moral." Even Harriet Martineau, when advised by the Lady-in-Waiting that Princess (not yet Queen) Victoria was enjoying her stiff-starched "Tales" in support of laissez-faire economy—even Harriet hastened to express, in her own sweet way, the hope that the *doctrine*, not the *romance*, was being enjoyed. Princess Lucien Murat, who has written for Flammarion the "Life of the Great Catherine" might, with more reason, give expression to the same pious hope, if only there were any doctrine at the back of that liveliest of all Empresses' lives. But, as Shaw showed, if you will excuse a miserable foreigner's alliteration, the Great Catherine was the exalted champion of quite another sort of laissez-faire from Harriet Martineau's and I can recommend her "Life" by Princess Lucien Murat only to those who are able to read it neither for "moral" nor "story" but with a purely artistic detachment. To such as those it will be a source of delight.

Plon's collection of buff-colored biographies is published under the title "Le Roman des Grandes Existences." Among the best are "Robespierre," by Henri Béraud, "Baudelaire," by François Porchê, and "Prince de Ligne," by L. Dumont Wilden. Since it is often deplored that Europe remains disunited, the Life of Charles Joseph de Ligne, who was the last of the great pre-Revolution Europeans, should be read with interest. Not once, but two or three times since the Romans, was Europe "united" under a common civilization such as Charles-Joseph de Ligne, at the same time Austrian and French, Prussian, and Russian, personified and represented at the end of the eighteenth century. Every time the unification of intellectual Europe, achieved at the top, was broken from under, through the "will of the people." Prince de Ligne died in 1815, just before the Era of Nationalities. Alfred de Vigny was then a lieutenant in Louis XVIII's army. His biography by Paul Brach is faithful and quietly arresting.

❧ ❧

Gallinard's light green "Vies des Hommes Illustres" are lighter, greener, that is perhaps more readable but less substantial, than Plon's "Grandes Existences." The window-dressers seem more skilful in the first-named "shop." In Maurois's "Disraëli," otherwise clever and excellent, I sometimes see too much of the window and miss the inside. "Montaigne," by Jean Prévost, and "Montaigne," by Lamandé, illustrate the two methods applied to the same subject. "Henri IV," by Pierre de Lanux, and "Cyrano de Bergerac," by R. L. Lefèvre, are quite satisfactory, as far as they go. The pearl of that Gallinard Collection is, I think, Paul Hazard's "Stendhal." Stendhal deserved a good biography and has found an excellent biographer. So excellent that Paul Habard's book, though written for a larger public, bids fair to become a school classic.

It would be unfair not to mention here M. Magne's works on Madame de Lafayette, La Rochefoucauld, Tallement des Réaux (Emile-Paul), and other less known but not less interesting people of the seventeenth century. His biographies are strictly historical, severely unromanced. In every one of them he breaks fresh ground and unearths new facts. He reconciles me with the Art of Biography.

Thomas Hardy has been buried in Westminster Abbey, the first poet to be buried there since Tennyson. It is said that Mrs. Hardy has consented with reluctance to the honor since it was the expressed wish of her husband that he lie in Dorset, and since burial in the Abbey necessitates cremation, of which he did not approve. His heart, however, is to be buried in his native place.

SELF PORTRAIT

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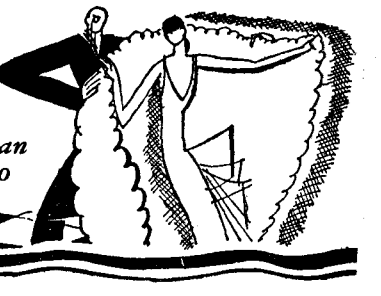

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NOTICE

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E. BOYD BARRETT

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Books and Rooms

THE present-day living-room is a marvel of ingenuity, fit to be a symbol of our composite modernity; the ease with which it accommodates everybody physically and mentally is certainly an achievement of a high order. And books are put at their ease like everything else—their passing voices mingle cheerfully with those of the radio. Their numbers may range from a few volumes between book-ends to four walls glowing with colors, but, more or fewer, they have definitely left their habitat in the old-fashioned library to join the members of the family in the living-room. If you wish to follow their lead, you step down the street to the public library; if you merely wish to keep up with the stream, you place a review of books beside them on the table. In any case, the living-room provides the same sort of approach to books—casual, sociable, unindividual—as it does to music or to people themselves . . . The interest of all this to our "Bookshop" is that it is certainly the living-room nowadays that first brings to the child the fact of books. Daddy's study will do as well under another name, "the den," and children bring their own books down to read or be read under the big lamps and in the cheerful buzz. It is in the living-room that the values of books for any household are established and then absorbed by the new generation.

* *

Now, in the days when houses came in water-tight compartments, much was lost of ease and freedom, but how much was saved for individuality. The finest lady could find an honorable metier in the culinary quarters, decorum held the center of the parlor's elegant expanse, while the sitting-room like ordinary human nature remained a little too shabby for company, but very happy for slippers. There was a rôle or a room for every taste. If you wished the company of the ages, you retired into the brown studies of the library. Of course, the necessity of absenting oneself, the difficulty of delving deep in restricted territory, frightened off the easy reader, old or young. The old-fashioned library was of no use as a mother's helper for unoccupied moments.

There were no children's books at first and precious few later by modern standards. But to compensate for all lacks and difficulties, you had one great established fact, the honorable place of the library in the home. (Books have no place now, only room.) You approached the volumes in awe as you would approach your grandfather, till you caught the twinkle in his eye, the zest in their abounding store of experience. With all our elbow to elbow intimacy with books now, there was a great deal to be said for the old-time respect followed by the glow of a self-discovered comradeship with some volume in staid clothes. Furthermore, there was the privacy of a closed door and a quiet light. If the door excluded you, nevertheless you knew that years would bring you its withheld privileges. The great point was that in the houses with libraries— and no living-room —no child could escape the realization that books were a privilege. In the living-room they are not even a luxury.

Reviews

THE WINGED HORSE. By JOSEPH AUSLANDER and FRANK ERNEST HILL. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK E. PIERCE
Yale University

THIS volume traces the inspired flights of Pegasus from Homer and Sappho to Housman and Sandburg. It boldly ventures into a field so vast that even the learning of Georg Brandes or Professor Rostovtzeff might shrink back in hesitation. In spite of the wide reading of the authors, they have not been able to give us reliable history always over so vast a territory. The book contains some statements that are not true. It states as facts many hypotheses which are simply the intelligent guesses of the learned. A book which devotes one line to Lucretius, omits all the great literatures of Asia, and assigns a whole page to Vachel Lindsay, cannot be considered impeccable in its sense of proportion. But, though we mention these matters for the guidance of confiding readers, we do not present them as severe criticisms of the work.

A book must be judged according to its aims. The aim of "The Winged Horse" is not to give a well proportioned survey of history, but to show "the youth of all ages" what it should read and in what spirit the reading should be done. Judged according to such a standard, it is a decidedly readable and decidedly valuable book. It leads the young into delightful highways and by-ways of human thought which they otherwise might not have known. It renews in the old their youthful faiths and enthusiasms. It is not an epoch-making work; but it is useful and noble, and will help to keep alive in all of us

The young-eyed poesy,
All deftly masked as hoar antiquity.

THIS EARTH WE LIVE ON. By ELIZABETH W. DUVAL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

THIS is another attempt to make geography interesting to children. Mrs. Duval first presents the spinning globe—both in words and picture. Then with great clearness and simplicity, and with much concreteness of illustration—always using colorful maps and pictures—she demonstrates the phenomena of night and day, summer and winter. She explains the need of maps, and furthermore pictures surveyors at work making them. She gets latitudes and longitudes on to the globe and paints the zones around it in strongly colored sashes. She introduces rain through a coast guard in oil skins; she describes the cold and the hot places, the dry and the damp places of the earth, each with an appropriate picture and a page, half-story, half information. Then in part two she places the continents and the oceans on clear maps of the hemispheres and characterizes each with an appropriate animal. Mountains, plains, rivers, and lakes come in turn. In part three she takes up the countries of the Old and then the New World, placing them on globe maps with symbols of heads and making a few remarks about each—remarks which call up genuine pictures and are fairly well tied up with children's interests. The races of men (divided into the old white, yellow, black, and red) are followed by sketches of eighteen kinds of work, mining, lumbering, etc., each with its own picture and a little sketch, sometimes geographic, sometimes historical, of the industry. Eleven great cities of the world, from the stockyards of Chicago to the Kremlin of Moscow and the pagodas of Peking, form the final series of pictures and sketches.

* *

Obviously, there is no new material in the book. But it deserves attention because of the presentation. Mrs. Duval does not write like a geographer nor like one who has been kindled by geographic thinking. Rather she writes like one who has suffered and seen children suffer from stupid, dull geographies. She makes no protest against the Tropic of Capricorn as food for small children. She accepts locational geography as unavoidable, even as fundamental. Moreover, she does not try to relate her formal material—latitude and longitude, for instance—to the concrete picture and story parts. Probably Mrs. Duval herself thinks of the two with different compartments of her brain. Her effort is not to change the diet but to make it palatable by making it intelligible.

Considering the tremendously wide range of brute facts which she feels a child must swallow, Mrs. Duval has done a pretty good job at finding natural and interesting ways of introducing them, though I am not sure she has helped much with the real problem of digestion. The book is eminently readable and presentable and, excepting a few parts about zones and enumerations of countries, I am sure it would entertain the average child. But I do not believe it would make him think. I do not believe it would make him observe his own world which, after all, is for him the most important part of "This Earth We Live On." The book may stimulate a desire to travel but hardly a first-hand investigation of the geography he is a part of. It may make the geography hour easier for children—it may even make them "like geography" as they like a story-book or a movie which some one else makes for them, and for this I am glad. But it will not make young geographers—and for this I am sorry.

ARAMINTA. By HELEN CADY FORBES. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. $1.75.

HERE is a book that has no disagreeably grown-up slant upon the child's world. It tells straightforwardly about things valuable for their freshness, and what, after all, is more valuable than freshness? And it bases itself squarely upon a period of childhood particularly interesting, when one comes to think of it, dating inclusively on one's eleventh birthday. "See those little hills close together? You can't see 'em until you're out this far," says Cap'n Jonas at his lobsterin' ground: eleven brings up the hills of the grown-up continent clearly yet at a safely charming distance, and still has its own unspoiled secrets with the rest of the universe. One's mental capacities having shot ahead of experience, the result is an "up on your toes" attitude toward life more consciously thrilling than the intensive sensations of early childhood. In "Araminta" we have eleven with a deliciously feminine psychology.

* *

The opening chapters, containing the improbable key-incident, Araminta's finding of a kidnapped baby, creak a good deal with what is later proved an unnecessary dependence on machinery, but as soon as Araminta launches upon the visit with "her baby's" family in a coast town of Maine, the intelligent naïvêté of a little girl of eleven takes its rightful lead against a background light and sure of cliffs, coves, marsh-meadowed streams, fishermen—"His face reminded her of the day, bright blue eyes like the sea, and hair like the clouds and the edge of the waves"—and people of just the right sort of intelligence and charm living in just the right houses on leaf-green streets. Events happen in plenty, but the value of each is its vibrancy for its young actor. There is an effect of stiffness at times, frequently in the choice of words in dialogue, but certainly here is childhood actually recreated in no fairy world, but as it lies about us in our blindness, with the writer's adult sense of humor and discernment of beauty generously translated into the very terms of a child's mind.

* *

This is high praise and must be modified immediately by the rather rueful reflection that the story is after all "slight." Araminta can be read with pleasure, every word, but it is "a girl's book." A girl's book in a good sense because here girls will find themselves intensified in experience that will also add to their mental stature by reason of its intrinsic interest, for this book deals with things that really interest girls—see for yourselves, little sisters! A girl's book in the belittling sense because—well, not at all for the usual reasons. Here is no artificial elimination of materials, no prosiness, no lack of stuff. The slightness here has been imposed upon a full book, perhaps because of the over-modesty of the demands that the author has made upon her own resources. It is as if she had merely proposed to quicken one girl's book, and had made a simple narrative to flow between narrow banks. But the currents of childhood and of an intensive civilization are always splashing in. The book is full of places and people that are just started when we lose them—the cove of the sea monsters, old Aunt Christie who matches her cottage—and of episodes excellently done but in their finality wasteful of such promise. It is probably not a question of length, for the simple narrative flows adequately, so much as of a different attitude on the writer's part. Equipped with the discerning eye and a limpid style, it does seem that a more confident unlimbering of the imagination might bring forth next time a book for girls—since this is Miss Forbes's chosen field—done with the lightness, we hope, of "Araminta," but giving more deeply of lives and places, a juvenile book really deep and rich. Perhaps, too, cast in some new mould of its creator's making, best fitted for the rarely recaptured material which she obviously has in her possession. But this is not criticism—merely wilful wishing, because it seems so desirable that someone should make adequate use of the fresh delicacy of a girl's world.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ANDERSON AND SPIERS' ARCHITECTURE OF GREECE AND ROME. New revised edition. Vol. I—The Architecture of Ancient Greece. Rewritten by WILLIAM BELL DINSMOOR. Vol. II—The Architecture of Ancient Rome. Remodelled by THOMAS ASHBY. Scribners. 2 vols. $7.50 each.

Few of our careful students of classical architecture have failed to read Anderson and Spiers' excellent history. The book was first published in 1902, and appeared in a revised edition in 1907. Many of the present generation of teachers and archæologists were brought up on it, and have been glad to recommend it as a collateral text to new generations of students. All these will welcome the recent revision and enlargement, which brings it up to date, and makes it more interesting and serviceable than before. It would be unfair to this admirable work, however, to give the impression that it is merely a text book; a wide public may read it with pleasure and profit because of its simple approach to the subject, its precision as to facts and dates, its glossaries and bibliographies, and its abundant illustrations.

The validity of the point of view taken thirty years ago by the authors justifies this republication of their work long after their death; and while much has had to be changed, the book remains essentially theirs. Perhaps as a matter of sentiment the old format and typographical dress have been retained. Two decades of excavation and research have added much to the field covered by the work; instead of condensing the old text to make room, the revisers have very wisely enlarged it to two volumes, each nearly the size of the original. The principal addition to the portion devoted to Greece is a clear and readable chapter devoted to the Ægean age; there is, besides this, a long series of minor additions, rectifications, and restatements. Mr. Dinsmoor has entered very sympathetically into the character and style of the authors. Our increased knowledge of Roman architecture and our growing realization of its significance are reflected in a general expansion of the portion devoted to Rome. The rather explosive manner of Mr. Ashby's additions makes the second volume somewhat uneven reading. Certain passages are not clear, and others are disfigured by faulty punctuation and typesetting. These are matters of detail, however; a general study on Roman architecture from a man of Mr. Ashby's calibre has been much needed. Advanced students will find it useful as a check on Rivoira's posthumous "Roman Architecture," and old-fashioned people who still think of Roman architecture as a degeneration of the Greek will find a much better view ably presented here.

THE APPROACH TO PAINTING. By THOMAS BODKIN. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Bodkin in this little guide distinguishes five approaches to painting, namely: philosophic, analytical, technical, casual, and the approach by siege. The latter, which really comprises all the others, he approves, and he illustrates it in the case of some twenty famous pictures, from Giotto to Manet. These "approaches" are merely extended biographical and historical notes covering the circumstances under which the painting was done, with a little incidental criticism. The attitude is judicious, without much distinction.

THE A B C OF ART. By JOHN HALDANE BLACKIE. New York: Vanguard Press. 1927. 50 cents.

Into a book of pocket size Mr. Blackie has packed much valuable guidance on seeing pictures, sculptures, and architecture, on reading poetry, listening to music, and even attending the cinema. He departs from the Tolstoyan axiom that the work of art is merely the carrier of a valuable experience of its creator, but he throughout applies the maxim with humanistic liberality and without Tolstoy's puritanism. It is a book of genuine experience, vigorously expressed and firsthand. When the author touches American matters, he seems singularly ill-informed. He is unaware apparently of the original design of the national capitol, with a saucer dome, and of the subsequent deformation through extension and rebuilding. He deplores the general insignificance of American painting without mention of Albert Ryder, Winslow Homer, and Thomas Eakins. In short the point of view seems that of an Englishman recently landed. However that may be, these are quite negligible blemishes in a thoughtful and useful book.

Belles Lettres

LATER YEARS OF THE SATURDAY CLUB, 1870-1920. Edited by M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $10.

"The Early Years of the Saturday Club," published in 1918, was made up of a series of papers on the successive years of the club by Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson. He planned a second volume on similar lines, but failing health compelled him to lay the work aside, and as no one else seemed equipped to continue it in the same manner, the alternative plan was adopted of individual memoirs contributed by different members under the general editorship of Mr. Howe. Of the fifty-six memoirs in the present volume six are by Dr. Emerson, five by the President, Mr. Moorfield Storey, and four by Mr. Howe.

Most of the members have been out and out Bostonians, meaning by Boston the cultural nucleus, and the few, like Henry James and E. H. Godkin, whose associations were more with other cities, nevertheless had all some Boston connections. The continued importance of that cultural center is shown by the large proportion, easily more than half, of men not merely marked in their locality, but nationally or internationally known. The member elected in 1870 was Charles W. Eliot, and in 1920 John S. Sargent, who moved to Boston in 1912 and spent the remainder of his life either there or in London. Boston is, of course, now no such cultural center as New York, but is possibly more of one than any other American city.

The historical and social significance of such groupings is that achievemeent and distinction has shown a tendency to "run in bunches," spatial as well as temporal. Minds seemed to be cross-fertilized more actively by contemporaries than by predecessors, and most actively by personal contact. It is well worth while for the Saturday Club to have put its story on record.

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE. By *Howard Mumford Jones*. University of North Carolina Press. $5.

BONCHURCH EDITION OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. XVII, Prose Works. Vol. XVIII, Letters. *Gabriel Wells.*

BOOKS AND READING. By *W. E. Simnett*. London: Allen & Unwin.

Biography

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES. By ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON. Century. 1927. $2.50.

This volume purports to be a new life of Napoleon written with the sympathetic biographer's impartiality and fidelity to fact, but with the romantic novelist's love of color and pageantry, which is as much as to say that it is a historical novel. Napoleon has always exercised a profound fascination for novelists, from the great Tolstoy down, nor is his ghost exorcised yet. The author of this present work takes Napoleon from his early Corsican days to his departure into exile for the second time. He has gleaned much of his material from the innumerable volumes of letters, memoirs, and biographies of and about his central figure. All the old tales reappear in conversational dress clothes.

It is questionable, however, whether the book attains its end. There is nothing here of the immense breadth apparent in "War and Peace," little of that heroic swank and dash to be found in "Brigadier Gerard," and little of the pathos and glamor which Rostand succeeded in putting into "L'Aiglon." Here is a Napoleon who frowns, smiles, wheedles, makes love, and makes war, but he is not real. He is a composite of what a great many people have said and thought about him, with the author's own notions superimposed. It is apparent that much work has been done, much research accomplished, but the book suffers from its framework, which can never be discarded. It is too heavily freighted with the lumber of historical facts to allow the interpretative powers of the author very much lati-

(*Continued on next page*)

Eugene O'Neill

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JANUARY, 1928

E. P. Dutton & Co.:

I have just set it all down the way it seemed to me. Times have changed since the holocaust of 1916, but somehow those days have left an indelible impression on a sensitized plate. It was a great adventure. Even though what I have written may be termed "indiscreet truth," it will be devoured eagerly, as scraps of candour always are.

THE SUBALTERN ON THE SOMME

By Mark VII

$2.00

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tude. The medium which the author has chosen for his purpose is a difficult one, and it is to be feared that his book will soon be but another addition to the more than one hundred thousand volumes already inspired by the Napoleonic Era.

A SHORT LIFE OF MARK TWAIN. By *Albert Bigelow Paine*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

A SMALL BOY IN THE SIXTIES. By *George Sturt*. Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan).

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. By *Haldane Macfall*. Simon & Schuster. $6.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SO-CALLED LOVE LETTERS OF MRS. PIOZZI. By *Percival Merritt*. Harvard University Press.

Economics

WHAT IS COOPERATION? By *James Peter Warbasse*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

WHAT IS THE SINGLE TAX? By *Louis F. Post*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents

WHAT IS MUTUALISM? By *Clarence L. Swartz*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

THE TARIFF. By *George Crompton*. Macmillan. $2.50.

ECONOMIC ESSAYS. By *John Bates Clark*. Edited by Jack H. Hollander. Macmillan.

Education

MORE CHRONICLES OF A PIONEER SCHOOL. Compiled by *Emily Noyes Vanderpoel*. New York: Cadmus Bookshop.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH. By *Henry Cecil Wyld*. Dutton. $2.50.

FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION. By *J. J. Findley*. Holt.

PARENTS ON PROBATION. By *Miriam Van Waters*. New Republic.

THE CHILD AND THE HOME. By *R. Libes*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

OUTLINES OF CHILD STUDY. Edited by *Benjamin C. Gruenberg*. Macmillan.

Fiction

THE HORNED SHEPHERD. By EDGAR JEPSON. Woodcuts by Wilfred Jones. Macy-Masius. 1927. $5.

This is a specially manufactured book of much beauty of format. Mr. Jones's woodcuts are masterly. Mr. Jepson has written a legend which has much beauty. It involves Panic worship and the rites of the feast of Saint John, witchcraft and the black art in a sylvan setting. It involves a Princess of an old kingdom and the folk of her realm, the mysterious Big Anna, the black goat, Saccabe, and the Egyptians, who are the Gypsies.

It is the kind of tale Oscar Wilde might have told with superior technique, full of forest scents and magical piping and a priest and a man-at-arms spying upon the revels of the Gypsies in the wood at night. There is no attempt to inject horror into the atmosphere, the tale has a limpid pagan beauty. The writing is old-fashioned and not remarkably original. The book has evidently been planned for Christmas sale, when dreamy legends of no great modern significance are more in order. This is not so exquisitely written as to endure, but it is a noticeable work in *belles lettres*.

HE KNEW WOMEN. By PEGGY WHITEHOUSE. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

Immodestly proclaiming that romantic adventure tinkles its triangle:—Roselle "the untried virgin," Tony "crying the cry of a man," Oscar with "passons as great on the dark side"—this first novel reaches for modern-mannered sophistication. Aside from a few touches in the characterization of Oscar and a modicum of vivid description, it attains little. A stolen painting, a yacht fitted specially for kidnapping, afford trite entertainment. The story is what a girl in her middle teens might dream about "life," about a *masterful* Oscar, wise, naughty, "horrible," who gradually turns hero while no longer "purity she wanted, Love's young dream." Young Tony, pure, limps out of the picture. Living with Oscar, Roselle "grew wise . . . happy . . . rich in beauty." The suspicion finally persists that the young English author does quite know what she is talking about.

THE QUINCE BUSH. By MARIAN BOWER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

Miss Bower's novel is not attractive. It is a little pretentious in the lavishness of its local color, for we are conscious that she is very anxious for us to absorb her accounts of the rural customs of East Anglia. When "The Quince Bush" gets down to the business of story-telling, it is sometimes good, but more often wearisome. The author is not an instinctive narrator; she fumbles, and draws merely in crude outline. The plot deals with a disintegrated family in a hamlet, with a young girl whose parentage is concealed from her, and with a host of rustic characters that are at best third-rate reminders of Thomas Hardy. One memorable episode in the novel is Daphne's visit to the home of her doctor-lover; in these few chapters we find effective satire. But Miss Bower cannot hold our interest for long.

BASQUERIE. By ELEANOR MERCEIN (*Mrs. Kelly*). Harper. 1927. $2.50.

At times "Basquerie" seems to be a collection of short stories, all centering around an American wife and her rich Basque husband, with the accompanying Basque family. At other times we feel that Eleanor Mercein has written for our enjoyment an exposition of customs, prejudices, and social history of the Basques. But what is more probable is this: the author knows and loves the Basque country and wishes to give her readers a full knowledge of it, the minimum of continuous narrative and the maximum of non-narrative material being included. The result is a strange book, obviously written with intelligence and good sense, and yet by no means a first class, or even second-class novel.

But the average reader will enjoy "Basquerie." It is quiet and well-mannered, informative and interesting. Miss Merrill's decorations and illustrations serve the useful purpose of furthering the mood in which Eleanor Mercein writes. One must not go to "Basquerie" expecting to find a good novel; but if one looks for easy-going narrative and vivid local color he will be satisfied.

TOPSY-TURVY. By VERNON BARTLETT. With Drawings by D. Nachshen. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $3.

Here is an excellent volume of short stories. Mr. Bartlett is no stylist, but he uses the short story form intelligently and effectively. We become definitely aware of his skill in setting before us a sharply dramatic panorama of Europe since 1918. As we go from story to story in "Topsy-Turvy" we get a vivid chiaroscuro of the various unique phenomena that combine into post-war Europe. We see the earnest patriotism of small nations, the horrors of depreciated currency, the machinery of political reconstruction, the comic opera causes of major events—and over all, the impotence of humanity to throw off the follies with which it was born. Mr. Bartlett wanted us to share his impressions of a peace-mad continent; therefore these stories. They are absorbing and illuminating, in no way enervated by their expository purpose.

TOMORROW: A Romance of the Future. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

The trouble with most Utopias is that they assume a modified human nature. We might possibly imagine a world without books, cities, money, private property, or clothes, but we refuse to accept a society where selfishness, greed, and bestiality—to say nothing of the intellectual life—are hardly noticeable. In "To-morrow" Mr. Ollivant takes us a vague number of centuries ahead, and pictures a rural, communistic, spiritualized, yet scientific England, where people exist in bovine contentment solely by the exchange value of their handicraft. These folk have supposedly progressed far in the power of mind over matter. The advanced few can walk on water, and to walk on, or circulate through, the air is the task to which the two central characters dedicate themselves. This reviewer was annoyed by the excessive emphasis upon an anemic sort of spirituality, as well as by the smug lack of common humanity that Mr. Ollivant evidently considers admirable. There is in the novel a good deal of careful detail, some of it highly ingenious, but the whole business is ambitious rather than profound. It is primarily an exposition, not a narrative. After all, one can hardly remodel the world and man between the covers of a book without making oneself a trifle ridiculous.

ON THE KING'S COUCH. By OCTAVE AUBRY. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

There are fewer competent historical romances nowadays than ten years ago. Probably there will be fewer still a decade hence, but that has little to do with the present effectiveness of "On the King's Couch," which while far from a masterpiece of the *genre*, yet will serve. For one thing, it has an entertaining list of characters as well as an impressive one. Casanova, Louis XV, Mme. de Pompadour, and a brilliant crowd of supernumeraries keep the interest alive whenever the intrigue falters. It tells, in the main, of Casanova's effort to seduce a beauty at Grenoble by predicting a brilliant future for her as mistress of the King, of course under his direction, and of his repulse. Some years later in Paris he finds that the woman has fulfilled his prediction, and is becoming the serious rival of Mme. de Pompadour. Her fall is brought about when she yields to the Italian's charms, but not without considerable mildly successful erotic comedy beforehand. The style of the book, and even its interest, lies almost wholly outside the field of literature, but it is not too cheap to be readable, nor too inaccurate to be worthless as a picture of the period. It bespeaks the workman who understands his work throughout, if never the artist.

MEANWHILE. By PIERRE COALFLEET. Duffield. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Coalfleet here sets before us a problem in conduct. Shall a boy with the traditions and habits that we commonly designate as Puritan find happiness by throwing away his inherited background and substituting for it the so-called Bohemianism of Paris? Furthermore, can he so change himself? The hero in this novel is one of those tiresome persons who never know their own mind, who are continually yearning for they know not what, and who carry around a spiritual microscope with which at every street corner they examine the state of their souls. This youth, one Grover Thanet, during the preliminary portions of the novel, moves against a fairly convincing background of Harvard and Boston; later he grows metaphysical and spiritual in Paris. He has various loves, but Mr. Coalfleet at no time lets one doubt Grover's ultimate return to the little girl back home. The novel is garrulous and, on the whole, piffling.

THE GAY TRADITION. By NORMAN VENNER. Doran. 1927. $2.

Very often we demand a story that is amusing, and nothing more. Mr. Venner's latest novel is one for us at those times. Nothing in it is elusive, subtle, or profound; but everything is good fun. We meet the impetuous young son of an English Viscount; a charming girl with a scheming guardian is the lad's beloved. A few escapes from unpleasant situations, a large number of crack-brained adventures, and a delightfully farcical ending form the body of "The Gay Tradition." Mr. Venner is successful in making his two young folk attractive to us, so attractive, in fact, that we are often tempted to take them too seriously. Light fiction should always be welcomed ingenuously, and when it is as pleasant as in this instance, we are certainly in no mood to criticize faults that are obvious but immaterial. "The Gay Tradition" goes very well indeed before the fire on a winter evening.

JEANNE MARGOT. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Macmillan. 1927. $2.50.

If Sophia Cleugh had lived in France during the middle of the nineteenth century she would probably have written some of the best novels of Alexandre Dumas. Although the Cie of Dumas et Cie has never been shown to have had any women members, an exception would surely have been made in favor of the vigor and gusto of Mrs. Cleugh. (Especially since no whisper was breathed that Dumas had a Cie and so there would have been no trouble about the feminine name.) The chapter titles of "Jeanne Margot" are if not the blood—then the very ink-brothers of the chapter titles of the immortal swashbuckling three. "Jeanne Margot" is a lavishly caparisoned historical tale of the time and place so dear to the heart of Dumas, the Paris of Louis XIV. There is enough material in Mrs. Cleugh's latest novel to fill three ordinary books. Nothing that could happen doesn't, and much that couldn't does. Jeanne is a little goose girl with a marvelous voice, through which gift she achieves high place and high adventure and in the end turns out to be—what every one has dreamed of being—a changeling. It is a story-book tale of a story-book girl in a story-book world, and, if it is a story-book you are looking for, none the worse for that.

Fiction

OUT OF THE RUINS. By *Philip Gibbs*. Doubleday, Doran.

SILVER FLEECE. By *J. H. Kidwell*. Avondale Press.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $2.50.

SO MUCH GOLD. By *Gilbert Frankau*. Harpers.

CITIES OF THE PLAIN. By *Marcel Proust*. A. & C. Boni. 2 vols.

THE IMPERIAL ORGY. By *Edgar Saltus*. (Modern Library). 95 cents.

CALL IT A DAY. By *Diana Patrick*. Dutton. $2.

THE SINCLAIRS OF OLD FORT DES MOINES. By *Johnson Brigham*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press.

THE ELLINGTON BRAT. By *Berthe K. Mellett*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

EDEN. By *Murray Sheehan*. Dutton. $2.

IRON AND SMOKE. By *Sheila Kaye-Smith*. Dutton. $2.50.

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD. By *Barrett H. Clark* and *Maxim Lieber*. McBride. $3 net.

THE RIO RUSTLERS. By *James French Dorrance*. Macaulay. $2.

THE CURSE OF THE TARNIFFS. By *Edouard von Keyserling*. Macaulay. $2.50.

CONCEALED TURNINGS. By *Pamela Wynne*. Macaulay. $2.

POISON SHADOWS. By *William Le Quex*. Macaulay. $2.

LOTHAIR. By *Bejamin Disraeli*. (Bradenham Edition). Knopf.

THE BONNEY FAMILY. By *Ruth Suckow*. Knopf. $2.50.

RHAPSODY. By *Dorothy Edwards*. Knopf. $2.50.

A FAIRY LEAPT UPON MY KNEE. By *Bea Howe*. Viking. $2.

THE SEA PANTHER. By *Raymond McFarland*. Stokes. $2.

THE FRENCH WIFE. By *Dorothy Graham*. Stokes. $2.

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Here is the newest book of fiction by England's gifted author, Sheila Kaye-Smith, for which an enthusiastic American audience has been waiting the past three years. The Publishers offer this new work, confident that its mature and distinctive workmanship will compensate for the delay and also justify the expectations of Sheila Kaye-Smith's most ardent admirers. $2.50

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THE LEGEND CALLED MERYOM. By *Joseph Gaer*. *Morrow*. $2.50.
THE DINNER AT BARDOLPH'S. By *R. A. J. Walling*. Morrow. $2.
THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY. By *Marmion Savage*. Stokes. $2.
MISS MAYHEW AND MING YUN. By *Anne Duffield*. Stokes. $2.

Foreign

FAITES VOS YEUX. By *Bernard Fay*. Grosset.
LES BOIS D'OEUVRE PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *General Chevalier*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press.)
L'ACTION DU GOVERNEMENT BELGE EN MATIERE ECONOMIQUE PENDANT LA GUERRE. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires. (Yale University Press).
CHOMAGE ET PLACEMENT. By *André Créhange*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

International

RACE CONTACT. By *Earl Edward Muntz*. Century. $3.75.
INDIA TOMORROW. By *Khub Dekhtu Age*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST. By *Arthur J. Todd*. University of Minnesota Press. $2.50.
THE NEW COLONIAL POLICY. By *Helmer Key*. London: Methuen.
SPECULATING IN FUTURES. By *Luther E. Laxejoy*. Methodist Book Concern. $1.
INDUSTRY AND POLITICS. By *Sir Alfred Mond*. Macmillan.
THE WAR FINANCE OF FRANCE. By *Gaston Zèze* and *Henri Truchy*. Yale University Press. $3.75.
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By *Robert Jones* and *S. S. Sherman*. Pitman. $1.50
CHINA. By *Paul Monroe*. Macmillan.
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF JAMES G. BLAINE. University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.
A SHORT HISTORY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By *Alan F. Hattersley*. Macmillan.
PRIESTS AND KINGS. By *Harold Peake* and *Herbert Fleure*. Yale University Press. $2.
OLIVES OF ENDLESS AGE. By *Henry Noel Brailsford*. Harpers. $3.50.
THE COMEDY OF POLAND. By *Olivier d' Etchegoyen*. London: Allen & Unwin.
THE CHANGING SOUTH. By *William J. Robertson*. Boni & Liveright. $3
YOUNG INDIA. By *Mahatma Gandhi*. Viking. $5.
IMMIGRATION CROSSROADS. By *Constantine Panunzio*. Macmillan. $2.50.
TOWNS AND PEOPLE OF MODERN GERMANY. By *Robert Medill McBride*. McBride. $5 net.
PEACE OR WAR? By *Lt. Commander J. M. Kenworthy*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

THE TEACHING OF THE EARLY CHURCH ON THE USE OF WINE AND STRONG DRINK. By IRVING WOODWORTH RAYMOND. Columbia University Press. 1927. $3.

It is too bad that this book did not appear thirty years ago. Now that the bootlegger has supplanted the Bible as the chief defence of prohibition it is no longer the fashion to base arguments for abstinence on garbled texts of Scripture. Hence Dr. Raymond's quite definitive study of the teaching of Judaism and early Christianity in regard to this subject has now mainly an historical interest. With absolute objectivity and exhaustive examination of the evidence, Dr. Raymond shows that both the Old and New Testaments and the writings of the Church Fathers maintain a generally consistent attitude harmonious with that of pagan writers: an advocacy of temperance in the correct but now almost forgotten sense of the word. Drunkenness is condemned, but abstinence, save for exceptional cases, is not advised. On the contrary, in a world supposed to be created by God for the sake of men, the products of the vine like other good things are to be thankfully used, but, like all other things, to be used with discretion. In other words, the attitude of pagan, Jew, and early Christian was in this matter eminently sane. The present age cannot foist its own irrationality upon any of them.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OR THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF PUBLISHING AND SELLING BOOKS AT DUTTONS. Dutton.
MOTION PICTURE THEATRE. By *Harold B. Franklin*. Doran. $5 net.
PROSPERITY? Edited by *Harry W. Laidler* and *Norman Thomas*. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.
APPLIED THERMODYNAMICS. By *William Robinson*. Pitman. $5.50.
STRENGTH OF MATERIALS. By *F. C. Warwick*. Pitman. $3.75.
PSYCHOLOGY AS A SALES FACTOR. By *A. J. Greenly*. Pitman. $3.
SONGS FROM "NOW WE ARE SIX." By *A. A. Milne*. Dutton.
OPERA SYNOPSES. By *J. Walker McSpadden*. Crowell. $2.50 net.
THE RESERVE BANKS AND THE MONEY MARKET. By *W. Randolph Burgess*. Harpers. $3.
SUICIDE. By *Ruth Shoule Cavan*. University of Chicago Press. $3.
WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HEALTH AND DISEASE. By *Howard W. Haggard*. Harpers.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Owing to Mr. Davison's absence on a lecture tour and lateness due to the mails in the receipt of his copy, his columns have been omitted this week.

Competition No. 16. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem justifiably entitled "The Pun." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of January 30).

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1" must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

ASTROLOGY. By *Evangeline Adams*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
WHAT ABOUT ADVERTISING? By *Kenneth M. Goode* and *Harford Powell, Jr.* Harpers. $3.50.
THE MAKING OF MODERN JOURNALISM. By *Harold Herd*. London: Allen & Unwin.
A BOOK OF FOOD. By *P. Morton Shand*. Knopf. $4.
HANDS UP! By *Capini Vequin*. Stokes. $1.
ABOUT ENGLAND. By *M. C. Hughes*. Morrow. $2.50 net.

Poetry

TWILIGHT SONGS. By KATHARINE TYNAN. Appleton. 1927. $1.50.

Katharine Tynan's first poems appeared in 1878 and her first book in 1885, so she must be one of oldest poets now writing. She has been singularly fortunate in the fact that she immediately won a reputation which, in spite of many changes in literary taste, she has succeeded in keeping fairly intact. Here is one of those rare cases of a writer accurately estimating the limits of her powers. This voice has never been strained by attempting too much. Her modesty has been her wisdom.

It has resulted, indeed, in a certain monotony of theme and, at times, in a dangerous fluency. But rarely is her work merely facile; for, though she has her little bag of Celtic tricks, she always seems to be able to produce, when called upon, surprisingly fresh turns of phrase, and to maintain her own special quality. When her work is finally sifted we believe the result will be a volume which, without making any claim to be considered as one of the glories of English poetry, will nevertheless endure as among the pleasant things of literature. And it is likely to endure longer than much that is at present more loudly applauded. For it is pure lyricism, easy, whimsical, tender. The bleak austerity, the sombre and ironic passion of the Gael are not hers. But the Irish weather is in her heart; only with her it is always winsome Spring.

This latest collection of Katharine Tynan's poems, though there is in it not one piece that is not charming, can hardly be classed among the very best of her many books. But that seems an ungenerous thing to say of these songs.

Here

The hares are running in the frost,
And the lark's song to heaven is tossed;

and the Irish river is "going to the sea as a child runs home." Here, too, are the tender piety and pity of "The Tramping Woman"—

Some good woman would make us the fire and bed
With the thought of Jesus and Mary asking in vain;

and memories of the countryside and playtime in Clondalkin, all exquisitely blended with the poet's memories of her dead father, "sleeping so quietly under the grass."

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT. By STODDARD KING. Doran. 1927. $1.50.
GAY MATTER. By ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $2.

Periodicals and newspaper "columns" have developed in the past decade quite a flock of clever light versifiers. Of these Stoddard King is one of the newcomers from the ranks of journalism and Arthur Lippmann has gradually impressed himself upon our attention through his freelance contributions to various magazines. Vachel Lindsay first brought Stoddard King to the attention of the East, for he has for some time been the columnist of the *Spokane Spokesman-Review* in the state of Washington. He also wrote a popular song that the Great War spread overseas, namely "The Long, Long Trail." But it is hardly necessary to say that King is far more than a mere popular song writer, even though such work demands decided knack. "What the Queen Said," revealed him not only as a versifying comedian but as a writer with flashes of fantastic poetry of a more distinguished kind. His new book, "Grand Right and Left," consists both of verse and prose and hews more closely to the line of conventional humor. We miss his wilder moments. He is amusing throughout, and adequate, but hardly more. His verse is always deft and pleasurable to read even when, as in the early fables the neat and clever couplets lead up to little. "One More Kiang to Cross" and "Say It With Greek Roots" are good examples of his brief prose pieces, each presenting a gay idea concisely. He is far from convulsing one as does, say, Benchley at his best, and his verse comes into competition with such veteran performers as Arthur Guiterman who can often excel him in pith and point. Nevertheless King is steadily climbing in the ranks of the humorists, and is certainly a cut above the average.

Arthur Lippmann seems to us a lesser Berton Braley. Braley at his best has more impact. A versifier like Newman Levy is more pyrotechnical. But Lippmann, for all that, is quite an extraordinary jingleman. The late Guy Wetmore Carryl was, to our mind, the best of them all. He possessed true satire and much more originality in ideas. Lippmann is merely topical. He sings of the things of everyday, turning somersaults in rhyming. The subtitle of his book is "Good-Natured Verse," which is just about what it is. But his facility in rhyme and metre, and in swinging and jaunty rhythms, is unusual. The interior decorator, the pullman porter, the sandwich, the taximeter, the home town, the stenographer, the hat-check girl,—of such are his themes. Yet he evolves spirited little tunes in his discussion of all of them. We have always wondered why modern musical comedy does not make more use of such melodious wags as Lippmann in the preparation of its lyrics. Then perhaps we should have better stuff than the vapid and tawdry words and the appalling rhymes that we now hear pattered from the stage. We need a lot more of the kind of thing George Oppenheimer gave us in "The Manhatters." Possibly Lippmann has already done musical comedy lyrics. If not he should be press-ganged by some acute producer.

TOMORROW AND OTHER POEMS. By *Anne Arrington Tyson*. Vinal.
SEA-DRINKING CITIES. By *Josephine Pinckney*. Harpers. $2.
THE CARIBBEAN SEA. By *Cora Smith Gould*.
AN ETCHING. By *Mary S. Fitzgerald*. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press.

Religion

A STUDY IN TOLERANCE. By *Adolph L. Wismar*. Columbia University Press. $1.50.
THE NATURE OF DEITY. By *J. E. Turner*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.
THE STORY OF BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM. The Story of Confucius. Edited by *Brian Brown*. McKay. 2 vols. $2.50 net each.
THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICA. By *George N. Shuster*. Dial. $3.
SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S CHRISTIAN MORALS. Edited by *S. C. Roberts*. Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan).
MAN AND HIS GOD. By *Prescott F. Jernegan*. Mayfield, Palo Alto, Calif. $1.35.
THE LIFE OF JESUS. By *Ernest Renan*. (Modern Library). 95 cents net.
THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION. By *Lewis Guy Rohrbaugh*. Holt.

Science

THE LAST JUDGMENT. By J. B. S. HALDANE. Harpers. 1927. $1

This little book—it is only forty-one pages of easy reading—purports to be a scientist's vision of the future of man. It is a fanciful tale wherein the ultimate de-

(*Continued on page* 541)

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Points of View

More on Beecher

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The Saturday Review has, I feel, done us all a service by printing Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr.'s, further attack upon my "Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait." For in this second installment of objurgation Mr. Scoville appears to have assembled the chief complaints of the embattled Beecher cohorts—the Beechers, through Mr. Scoville himself; the Abbotts of the *Outlook* (Lyman Abbott was Mr. Beecher's assistant and successor as well as his biographer, and his brother, Austin Abbott, was Mr. Beecher's attorney), and Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard of the Boston *Herald* (Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was a Bullard). To the animadversions of each of these, I have replied separately; but as the Boston *Herald* and the *Outlook* seem to believe in presenting only one side of a story, I welcome this opportunity to dispose of the lot *en masse*.

The bulk of Mr. Scoville's latest eruption being mere reiteration of assertions previously refuted may be dismissed. There are, however, a few points that I should like to shed a little light upon.

Mr. Scoville objects, for example, to my citing *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* as source material. I have no doubt he does. Mr. Beecher himself was not especially partial to that journal, but as he was specifically charged with adultery in its columns he had either to sue Mrs. Woodhull for libel or bear up with what grace he could command under her accusation. As Mr. Beecher chose the latter course, his grandson, it would seem, might well feel himself bound by that choice and leave Mrs. Woodhull's memory in peace. Instead, he appears to think that Mr. Beecher can be somehow purged of the charge of adultery by asserting that "Victoria Woodhull served a term of imprisonment for publishing" her story of Mr. Beecher's deviation from the path of grace.

Unfortunately for Mr. Scoville, however, this is not true. The complaint against Mrs. Woodhull was dismissed, and far from repenting, she republished her article about Mr. Beecher's alleged adulteries a second time, on May 17, 1873. Her paper containing this article was not suppressed, and under the circumstances I hardly see what a conscientious biographer could do but refer to it. Mr. Scoville's father evidently thought so too, as he devoted considerable space in his biography of Mr. Beecher (written in conjunction with Mr. Beecher's son) to the subject of Mrs. Woodhull's charges.

But there is one cardinal difference between Mr. Scoville's father's treatment of this subject and mine. On April 6, 1888, when Mr. Scoville, Sr.'s, biography of Henry Ward Beecher was about to appear, his publishers were notified that Victoria Woodhull (then Mrs. John Biddulph Martin) would bring suit for libel if Henry Ward Beecher's statement to the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee were printed as Mr. Beecher made it.

Now this is very interesting. For Mr. Beecher's statement to his Plymouth Church Investigating Committee was either true or it was false. If it was true, Mr. Scoville, Sr., had nothing to fear in printing it. But Mr. Scoville, Sr., did not print that statement as Mr. Beecher made it—under threat of suit for libel, *he altered Mr. Beecher's statement and printed the altered form in his biography of Henry Ward Beecher, without warning his readers that he had tampered with the evidence.*

In this connection, it is interesting to note that in his original attack upon my book, Mr. Scoville, Jr., referred to Messrs. Moulton and Tilton as "self-confessed liars and blackmailers." Being a lawyer, Mr. Scoville knows the meaning of the word "blackmail." He is aware, therefore, that the excerpt from Mr. Beecher's testimony in Tilton vs. Beecher which he quotes is conclusive evidence that there was no blackmail. As for Mr. Moulton's admission, on the witness stand, that he had lied, it is only fair to point out that Mr. Beecher in the same trial admitted doing a little lying himself in the matter of an insurance policy—a somewhat more serious business than lying to shield a friend. By and large, however, I think that Charles A. Dana was right when he wrote of Mr. Moulton: "One great distinction of the late Frank Moulton is that he never told a lie."

Regarding the apocryphal tale that William A. Beach, counsel for Mr. Tilton, ever admitted that Mr. Beecher was innocent of the adulteries for which Mr. Beach so unsparingly flayed him, Mr. Scoville writes:

"If Mr. Hibben had taken the trouble to read more reliable authorities than the *Police Gazette* he would never have made such a statement. The first story appeared," asserts Mr. Scoville, "on March 19, 1887. . . ."

If Mr. Scoville would take the trouble to read his own father's biography of Mr. Beecher he would find, on page 534 of it, that Mr. Samuel Scoville, Sr. (in conjunction with Mr. William C. Beecher) takes personal responsibility for this story, having, he says, heard "similar views" from Mr. Beach himself. Now Mr. Beach died in 1884. If Mr. Scoville, Sr., or Mr. William C. Beecher heard him express "similar views," it must have been at least three years before "the first story appeared," according to Mr. Scoville, Jr. But Mr. Scoville, Sr., goes on. Five years before that, he says, Mr. Beach "frequently and publicly" made the statement imputed to him—that is, the story was, according to Mr. Scoville, Sr., current and public at least eight years before Mr. Scoville, Jr., asserts that "the first story appeared."

Considering all these circumstances as well as the categorical denial of the tale by Mr. Beach's associates, family, and friends, and the inherent improbability of the tale itself, I decided, I think properly, to reject it.

Mr. Scoville still insists that his grandfather was bribed by Jay Cooke. I cannot, however, accept this. I know, of course, that Henry Ward Beecher was charged in the *New York Times* of May 30, 1875, with some rather curious financial dealings, and that Henry C. Bowen paid his debts in Indianapolis, and that Robert Bonner saved him from bankruptcy by a gift of $10,000; and that on one occasion when he refused to pay a debt, an arbiter adjudged $1,000 against him. But Henry Ward Beecher was a preacher, not a financier, and in the matter of the Northern Pacific stock, he was on the same footing with Chief Justice Chase, Horace Greeley, John W. Forney, Gen. Horace Porter, and a host of other honest men, as things were viewed in that day. If Mr. Scoville has any evidence to support his assertion that "Mr. Beecher never received a share of stock of the Northern Pacific Railroad from Jay Cooke," I shall be glad to see it. But Mr. Scoville's assertions thus far have not proved sufficiently dependable for me to accept them as conclusive. Until incontrovertible evidence is forthcoming, I shall have to agree with Professor Oberholtzer that "a man who could shift from one foot to another as he [Mr. Beecher] did, hunting notoriety wherever it was to be found, with the Tilton scandal to cap his career, ought not to be squeamish about a little stock in a railroad company."

There are a few minor points in Mr. Scoville's letter. In his original complaint he accused me of suppressing the alleged fact that a council of Congregational ministers found Mr. Beecher "innocent of any wrong-doing." Confronted by the evidence, he now modifies his statement to "found in Mr. Beecher's favor." But neither is that true. Nor is it true that I suppress the fact that Judge Neilson, who presided at Tilton vs. Beecher, was present at Mr. Beecher's seventieth birthday celebration—it is on page 341 of my book. The Judge, on that occasion, pronounced precisely ninety-two non-committal and perfunctory words of congratulation. The incident was so trivial that Mr. Scoville's father and other contemporary biographers of Mr. Beecher ignored it.

Mr. Scoville refers to "The Great Brooklyn Romance" as an anonymous publication. It is, on the contrary, a compilation of unchallenged documentary evidence and was officially used by counsel on both sides in the trial of Tilton vs. Beecher. (Verbatim Report: Vol. II. p. 624.)

The account of the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannon did not originate with me, but with Henry Bradshaw Fearon, who wrote it from Boston shortly after the event.

On the whole, as I contemplate these desperate attempts to obscure the issue of Henry Ward Beecher's life and character on the part of his worshippers, I am minded of what old John Bigelow wrote at the time of the famous scandal:

"The thing that astonishes me is the character of the crowd by which he was surrounded, and in the midst of whom he lived, moved, and had his torment. Not one decent man, woman, or dog has turned up in all this ruffianly fray to call him friend."

PAXTON HIBBEN.

New York.

It is related that a visitor to the Fogg Museum at Harvard last week asked the attendant at the post-card desk if he had Mr. Langdon Warner's new book on China. "No," said he attendant, "we have not, but we have a new book by Mr. Blake, called 'Young's Night Thoughts.'"

What It Means

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. John Hyde Preston, who reviews E. E. Cummings's "Him" in a recent issue of the *Review*, confesses with indescribable modesty that he and Mr. Cummings don't know what "Him" is all about. A lot of it, Mr. Preston declares, is very, very difficult, and though he can understand all the vulgar parts quite well, there are some passages of "crazy stuff" that make his head whirl. Mr. Preston quotes two of these "crazy" passages, and suggests that he and and Mr. Cummings would be grateful if some thoughtful soul would explain them. Perhaps I might be of some help.

The first passage Mr. Preston quotes as "crazy stuff" follows. It is a stage direction.

A Plainclothesman, his entire being focussed on something just offstage to the audience's left, stalks this invisible something minutely.

It seems strange to me that the meaning of this obvious sentence should have escaped Mr. Preston and Mr. Cummings. For it is simply an accurate description of a plainclothesman creeping furtively across the stage toward some invisible objective concealed in the wings. I am sorry I have been unable to paraphrase the passage in words of fewer syllables than Mr. Cummings uses, but if Mr. Preston will look all the hard ones up in the dictionary, I am sure the meaning will be cleared up for him nicely.

The second passage Mr. Preston quotes follows:

Horseradish will not produce consequences unless cowslips which is unlikely so be not daunted tho' affairs go badly since all will be well. The cards say and the leaves admit that enough is as good as a feast which will cause you some flatulence. . . etc. etc.

This second passage, if I remember correctly for I haven't the book here, is uttered by one of the three Fates and is a travesty on the idiom and vocabulary of oracles and fortune telling. If Mr. Preston will read the first act of Macbeth, he will find the witches there talking a similar lyrical nonsense. But of course Shakespeare is very enigmatic too.

And by the way, Mr. Preston and I would like to know what "Symbolism" as Mr. Preston uses the word in his review, means.

SLATER BROWN.

Bernardsville, N. J.

Keats Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am engaged in the preparation of a new edition of the letters of John Keats, based on my father's library editions of 1883 and 1889, the two volumes of "Letters" included in the complete Keats he edited for Messrs. Gowans and Gray in 1900-1901, and the additional matter he had gathered up to the time of his death in 1917. Many of the letters brought together under his editorship were derived from printed sources and doubtless some of these as well as many new letters have some to light during the past quarter of a century.

I shall be grateful to any of your readers who are the happy possessors of original Keats letters if they will communicate with me with a view to publication, if unpublished, or collation, if already in print; or should they find it more convenient to correspond with someone resident in England, Mr. Humphrey Milford, of the Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E. C. 4, has kindly undertaken to copy or collate any letters entrusted to his care. I need hardly offer the assurance that any manuscripts entrusted to us will be dealt with expeditiously and returned promptly to the owners.

I am anxious to include in the edition a census of letters giving the source whence they are derived and, wherever possible, the present ownership of the originals, and information that will help in furthering this object will be very acceptable.

MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN.

1100 Pretorius Street, Pretoria.

Edgar H. Wells and Company have completed their annotated catalogue which offers a wide assortment of modern authors, and followed this with a miscellaneous catalogue in which searchers for holiday gifts ought to find something for almost any taste. Apparently the lovers of out of doors sports are showing increasing interest in books about their favorite diversions, and such subjects as the drama and cookery books are likewise looking up.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

THE readers of this department are requested to advise Mr. Alexander W. Weddell, American Consul General at Mexico City, in as amusing and unusual a task as is likely to fall to a book-lover.

"Several years ago," he writes, "my wife and I saved from destruction the old Priory near Warwick—buying the material from the house-wrecker. We brought this material to the United States and have used the old stones to construct a Tudor Mansion near Richmond, Virginia. The structure is fireproof and a portion of it is now available for the Virginia Historical Society. On our death the entire building, known as 'Virginia House,' becomes the property of the Society.

"In the library, in which I am trying to amass Virginiana, there is a secret doorway leading to another part of the house. I am desirous of giving to this doorway the effect of the continuation of the bookshelves, and since the false book-backs must be made independently I had rather thought of using fake titles, etc., such as the missing books of Livy, a bit of the missing works of Plato; in Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature' are several suggestions. I am wondering if it is a fair question to ask you if you could not help me along these lines of titles?"

Fair? It's blissful. I have always wanted sometime to compile a list of books confidently quoted in other books, nonexistent save in the consciousness of book-characters, like the novel written by the hero of Hugh Walpole's "Fortitude," the play by George Esmond Warrington performed with such éclat in "The Virginians," or "Passion Flowers," the poems of Miss Bunion so prominent in "Pendennis"—or for that matter, the even more familiar "Walter Lorraine" in the same book. I remember that some time ago someone asked me where he could get a copy of a certain book quoted in a novel by Mr. James Branch Cabell. Having my own ideas on the matter, I asked Mr. Cabell where it might be found, and received the information that it was unfortunately in the collection of Mr. John Charteris, a library whose distinguishing characteristic is that it is composed exclusively of unique copies. Mr. Cabell surely should have some titles for this book-shelf. So, I doubt not, have other readers of this review.

D. D., Rochester, Minn., asks for a short list of books on conditions in Sicily, and a history of Sicily. She says "I have 'Little Cities of Sicily,' but the author handles his subject in rather a 'high hat' manner, very upsetting to the average reader."

WHEN Marion Crawford wrote of Italy, whether of Rome, of Venice, or of "Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South," he brought to the work an endless patience in documentation, unusual in the novelists of his period, and helped by the resources placed at his disposal by the Italian government. "Southern Italy" (Macmillan) has been for some little time out of print, but most of the public libraries have it, and no doubt it is not beyond reach of booksellers. It is a popular history going through the thirteenth century, with an added chapter on the Mafia. E. A. Freeman's "Story of Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman" is one of the "Story of the Nations" series (Putnam); it goes from earliest times to the ninth century A. D. W. C. Perry's "Sicily in Fable, History, Art, and Song" (Macmillan) goes to the capture of Syracuse by Marcellus. For present conditions there is Arthur Stanley Riggs's "Vistas in Sicily," a traveler's pleasant experiences and reports on scenery and historic associations. The third volume of Baedeker's "Italy" is given to Sicily (Scribner). Henry James Forman's "Grecian Italy" (Boni & Liveright), is an unusually good travel-book including Sicily with Calabria and Malta. There is a beautifully illustrated article on "Sicily, island of vivid beauty and crumbling glory" in the October *National Geographic.*

H. H., Massachusetts, asks for a rhyming dictionary and a book to help an amateur run a rather nice restaurant.

"QUANTITY COOKING: Menu Planning and Cooking for Large Numbers," by Lenore Richards and Nola Treat (Little, Brown), and the same authors' "Tea Room Recipes" (Little, Brown), are just what is needed, but I warn H. H. that neither of them should be used in conjunction with a rhyming dictionary. But if it must be, it is well to let not the right hand know what the left doeth; one may be employed in blending waffle mixture while the other keeps the place in "The Rhymer's Lexicon," by Andrew Loring (Dutton), the easiest one of these to handle. As that peerless work "A Reader's Guide Book," says: "Its system is perfectly simple: you are, let us say, in process of composing a valentine to Susan: you turn to (a) "Words accented on the penult" and in this to (b) "U as in tuber and mover, fully and woolly," and upon running down the lines you find that Susan is not there, but are consoled by the possibilities of archducal—nuchal—Pentateuchal, and quite taken off the subject by the glamour of diazeutic-enthyteutic-hermeneutic - maieutic-scorbutic-therapeutic-toreutic. So you do not write to Susan at all, which is probably all the better for you."

H. D. R., Connecticut, asks if any textbook contains matter required to teach music in public schools.

I HAVE been hoping someone would ask me some such question, ever since "Principles of Musical Education," by James L. Mursell of Lawrence College (Macmillan), reached me a few weeks since. It is an analysis of the psychological factors underlying musical education in general, but besides this, questions of administration are discussed and ideals presented for public school and private teacher, in vocal and instrumental music. It considers the musical mind, its constituents and training, rhythmic and auditory experience, musical intelligence and feeling; training for musicianly listening, performance, and composition; music in schools and studios, mechanical music, concerts, clubs, and community music; there are questions and exercises and a bibliography. This is a subject that has as yet a desultory and contradictory documentation. This book takes it seriously but not dogmatically; its wide scope has been indicated by this description.

M. W. N., Elmhurst, L. I., asks if lists of science books for boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen have been compiled.

FORTY-EIGHT recent books from which a selection may safely be made are listed in my "Adventures in Reading" (Stokes), in the chapter "New Eyes, New Ears." I know these books are safe, not because I am a specialist on any of the subjects of which they treat, but because this selection was made from a longer list compiled by Dr. E. E. Slosson, of Science Service, Washington, D. C., and author of "Creative Chemistry." In this connection it should be noted that Dr. Slosson's paper on "Adult Education in Science," given at the second annual meeting of the American Association for Adult Education, in Cleveland last May, has just been reprinted in pamphlet form, and I suppose must be obtainable from the association, 41 East 42d Street, N. Y. This will answer the needs of an inquirer who lately asked me if anything had been written about the literary side of scientific writing.

H. G. C., New York, asks for a complete set of the works of Father Tabb.

"FATHER TABB: His Life and Work," by Jennie M. Tabb of the State Normal School of Virginia (Stratford), contains besides a biographical study, all his best-known poems. I do not know of a complete collection of all he has written; I think none has been made.

SEVERAL inquiries have come in about prize-awards abroad: *G. B. F., Grapeland, Miss.,* asks who won the Nobel prize for literature; *H. H., Boston, Mass.,* had heard rumors of its award to Pirandello and asks where they came from: *G. H., New York,* asks if the Goncourt Prize has yet been awarded for the year. These may be resolved together: the Nobel Prize for the year has been awarded to Grazia Deledda, don't ask me why, nobody knows and I believe the author herself, a sober, ever a sombre writer of folk-tragedies, must have been somewhat surprised, for her vogue—never great—was past its prime years ago even in Italy. All we have of her in English is "The Mother," an excellent novel published by Macmillan, but most of her novels are accessible in French, which is indeed the language in which I read all I know of her work—which I respect and admire. Where the Pirandello rumor started I do not know, but I too saw it stated somewhere—I think in a foreign newspaper. The excellent French newspaper *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* says that the crowning of Grazia Deledda has been received in Italy with a smile, sympathetic indeed, but a smile no less, for many Latin literary men believed that the prize should have gone either to Pirandello or to d'Annunzio. From the same source I learn that "Jerome, 60 deg. de Latitude Nord," the novel by Maurice Bedel that won the Goncourt, was also chosen unanimously by the jury of the Theophraste Renaudot Prize, but believing that the more famous award would suffice for Bedel's glory, this committee transferred their choice to Bernard Nabonne's "Maitena." The Femina Prize goes to Canada, whence Marie Le Franc, a teacher "poor in money, rich in the spirit" sent to her native France "Grand Louis l'Innocent," a neoromantic novel that, though it has a Breton setting, reminds the critics of another masterpiece from this part of the world, "Maria Chapdelaine."

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from page* 539)

struction of the earth in the year 39,000,000 of human history is described as though to a child on the planet Venus. Man has succeeded in reaching Venus, where he lives peacefully, and from which he observes the grand catastrophe when the moon hits the earth and the two merge to form a new celestial body. Some 35,000 years later, Venus returns the compliment by sending Man back to the Earth once more. Thus, Mr. Haldane provides for the safety and immortality of Man though the Heavens fall.

It is diverting reading, if not quite what one would expect from a cover and title page which carry large claim in the impressive statement that this book belongs to the "Things-to-Know Series," and is "a scientist's vision of the future of man." Many scientists would surely disagree if the program is to be taken literally, and would see too little advantage in giving the facts such a speculative form. Nevertheless, one may enjoy the fanciful tale which knows no human or earthly boundaries.

THE SPRINGS OF HUMAN ACTION. A Psychological Study of the Sources, Mechanism, and Principles of Motivation in Human Behavior. By MEHRAN K. THOMSON. Appleton. 1927. $3.

This is just the volume that we have all been waiting for—a summing up of the findings of modern psychology in its various schools, with charity toward all, with malice toward none. Behavioristic in the broad sense in which recent psychology of every type is behavioristic—in that it is oriented toward conduct instead of "pure thought"—Professor Thomson's work nevertheless holds the balance even between Watsonians and Freudians, "structuralists" and "functionalists," etc., etc. He makes use of the results of all of them without sharing the exclusive views of any. If his book is less stimulating reading than those of the extremists, this is perhaps inevitable. The casual reader is little likely to be cheered by his final conclusion:

> There are as many motives [the word is of course not used in its popular sense of conscious intention but in the sense of psycho-physical cause or condition] as there are elementary drives plus all possible combinations of these elements into compounds, plus all possible complex compounds of these compounds, plus higher and higher syntheses. In other words, motives are limitless—theoretically.

The next sentence seems, it is true, to make amends: "But in actual life there is a relatively fixed number of motives, approximately those treated in these pages." Yet when the reader is confronted with chapters on Reflexive Responses, Habits as Motives, Instincts as Motives, Emotions as Motives, Feeling as Motive, Ideas as Motives, Interest as Motive, followed by fourteen other kinds of motives, he is likely, despite Professor Thomson's clear and logical arrangement, to find even the "relatively fixed number" sufficiently bewildering. All this, however, is the fault of the facts, not of Professor Thomson in particular. Psychology is as yet far from being in a position to reduce its complex material to a few simple principles. Where some of Professor Thomson's chapters are rather inconclusive, as in the case of the emotions, this merely reveals the still undeveloped state of his science in those special fields. His work is an admirable summary of attained results and as such is highly valuable.

LIVING MACHINERY. By A. V. HILL. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $3.

Doctor A. V. Hill of London is one of the foremost authorities on the physiology of muscle contraction. His technical papers upon this subject are models of compact and well-ordered exposition, impersonal and

(*Continued on page* 543)

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THE autumn list of The Golden Cockerel Press celebrates the "septennium of apprenticeship" of that organization by announcing a new "Canterbury Tales," of Chaucer, uniform with its "Troilus and Criseyde," and richly embellished with engravings by Eric Gill. A specially watermarked paper will be used, and some copies printed on vellum. The list also includes announcements of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," John Earle's "Micro-Cosmographie," Keats's "Lamia," Nicholas Breton's "The Twelve Moneths," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and "Count Stephen," a "tale of Austria and psycho-analysis," by A. E. Coppard. The cover of the Press's announcement, with its cockerel rampant on a conventionalized hand-press frame, printed in black on a fine red paper, is a fine one indeed.

Two of the Christmas booklets which I have seen were of unusual interest. There was Mr. Rudge's "Map of the Holy Land and Egypt," with accompanying scriptural selections, a very handsome thing, and, exceptional in Christmas remembrances, really pertinent to the day it celebrated!

From Mr. Watson Gordon came a small booklet done, one would guess, by that same hand which has for several months enlivened the front page of this *Review* with his drawings—that of Mr. W. A. Dwiggins. The pages of the book are done entirely in a distinctive manuscript hand, with decorations and marginal illustrations, and possess great charm. If we may hazard another guess, the story so delightfully set forth has been conceived by the same person. If our guesses are right, the booklet has that singular fascination which attaches to such work as that of Walter Crane and William Blake when they wrote, designed, and lettered their own books.

I have repeatedly spoken in praise of Nonesuch Press books, and I am constrained to do so again. One may weary a little of the reprinting of old stuff, and long to have a little of the careful attention given to it diverted to work of the present day. That is a matter of opinion, and who knows what modern writing is worth the cost? But the way in which the Nonesuch Press handles its work is admirable. The book in hand, from the American representatives, Random House, is James Thompson's "The Seasons," in a thoroughly Baskerville text page, in Baskerville type, but with an unmistakable Nonesuch title page. Composition is good: presswork is not so good, showing too heavy inking which was not typical of Baskerville, and some unevenness of ink. There are five lovely drawings in line by Jacquier, reproduced from copper plates engraved by C. Sigrist, and stenciled in water colors by the Curwen Press. The edition is of fifteen hundred copies on hand made paper, at $8.50. The binding is in marbled cloth, with paper label.

The rejuvenation of old and established American magazines brings *Scribner's* to hand with a new dress and a new policy beginning with the January issue. Type, paper, and cover have all been changed, with somewhat dubious results. The cover is effective, and since all covers are primarily for newsstand effect, any comment belongs in a higher region where the inexperienced dare not soar. But the decorative panels by Rockwell Kent possess (if one may judge from the first issue) the virility and decorative high quality one has come to expect from that source. The type now used in the text is an admirable face known as "Granjon," a face readable, individualistic as to design, and of admirable color. But as used in the main portion of the magazine it is quite too big. The smaller size used in the continuation of the first story is much better, and if it had been used throughout, with the addition of a thin lead, the appearance would have been better. The paper is quite unhappy—the text paper is too thick and harsh, and the contrast with the coated paper is too severe: the papers of the old *Scribner's* were much better in this respect. The worst offenses in the whole rather messy format are in carrying over the first story to the end of the magazine; and in carrying the pagination and financial article into the advertising. This is in the regular style of the

(*Continued on next page*)

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FOREIGN BOOKS

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GENERAL

THE BOOKSELLER Christmas Number contains interesting articles by Jared Young on Sherman; by Merle Johnson on Stephen Crane; Book Reviews, Auction Diaries and Prices, and an extremely interesting French Section. Also over three thousand books wanted and for sale. Books, Prints, Autographs and Stamps are featured. Annual Subscription $3.50; Six months $2.00. Bookseller & Print Dealers Weekly, 233-239 W. 42nd Street, New York.

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SCHEDULE OF RATES for this section is as follows; For 20 or more consecutive insertions of an advertisement of any size, 5 cents a word. For a less number of insertions the rate is 7 cents a word. Copy must be in our office 10 days before publication date—or the second preceding Thursday. For information write Dept. V. O., 25 West 45th Street, Room 807, New York.

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Compleat Collector

(*Continued from preceding page*)

perverts of the newsstands. One would hope better things of a magazine which for so many years has preserved so high a standard as has *Scribner's*. The new magazine shows evidence of an appreciation of the rather colorless but essentially workmanlike garb of the former numbers, together with acceptance of a rather ill-digested plan for bringing the typography up to date.

From the Lanston Monotype Corporation, Ltd., London, comes a well printed quarto, "Pages from Books," arranged by Gerard Meynell, and displaying some seventeen faces of type applicable to book work which are available on the English monotype machine. These are actual pages used in various English books of recent issue.

Notable among the faces displayed are Garamond, Baskerville, Caslon, Imprint, Plantin, etc. Some of these faces are available in America also, although the cutting differs in many instances. The book merits attention because it makes plain that the English have done better than we in the matter of type faces for books. There they apparently make type primarily for books: here in America we make type primarily for the advertiser, and the book printer may make the best he can of it. The best he can of it is evident enough to anyone who will look over current production. The Fifty Best Books exhibit of 1927 showed books set in foundry Caslon—inferior to the English Old Face; in linotype Caslon Old Face—very uncomfortable in its straitened circumstances; Garamont and Garamond—less interesting, it seems to me, than the English cutting; Original Old Style—nearly ruined by readjustment for the machine; and so on. The books set on the machines in this country were set in type faces distinctly inferior to the machine faces available to the English printer. And the books *not* in the Fifty are in those terrible travesties of the Caslon face which still form the repertory of most book printers who aspire to something "out of the ordinary."

I expect to bring down the wrath of such "hundred-per-centers" as regard American work as the finest there is; and I cheerfully admit that almost no English presswork is as good as our average in that branch of the craft; but if we cannot devise good book faces ourselves, we should encourage the machine companies to bring in the really admirable book faces which the English use, and combine them with our skill in presswork, to produce a better average of book printing than we now have.

"A NEW PORTRAIT OF JAMES BOSWELL," by Chauncey Brewster Tinker and Frederick Albert Pottle of Yale University, has been issued by the Harvard University Press in 425 copies. The portrait is that by George Willison, which hangs in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, painted at Rome in 1765. The authors have written a critical account of the circumstances surrounding the execution of the portrait, and have reproduced it in this volume, together with Reynolds's Boswell of 1785, Dance's crayon portrait of 1793, Lawrence's caricature of 1794, Langton's sketch of 1790, Miller's engraving of Wales's sketch of 1769, Singleton's Boswell Family of 1780, Opie's (?) portrait of 1795, and Batoni's Penitent Magdalen in the Dresden Gallery.

The present book is a handsome piece of printing, done by Mr. Bruce Rogers, in type of the Baskerville variety—the text in what appears to be from the actual Baskerville matrices, now in Paris. The "new portrait" is in colors, by the heliotype process, the finest process we have for such work. The remaining portraits are in photogravure, and all of them are carefully executed. The book as a whole is a very fine piece of work, planned and carried out with great skill and taste. Such a book as this is really a piece of "fine" printing," which can be so denominated without any reservations whatever. A careful examination of it would forever cure the reviewer of lauding anything less perfect as "beautifully printed."

It is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in paper boards, cloth back, and sells for fifteen dollars.

Mr. McKerrow's book, which was briefly alluded to by Mr. Winship in this department recently, is so valuable a compendium of information that it seems too bad more pains were not taken with the physical building of the volume. The paper, while it seems to be folded with the grain, is so heavy and stiff that the book is unpleasant to handle, and the binding will break in the course of time—for it is essentially a book for constant reference. Then again, the leaves are untrimmed—and this, I feel, is indefensible in a book of reference. Apparently not much thought went into the making of the book on the part of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Updike's "Printing Types" is an admirable example of a correctly made reference book—trimmed edges, soft, flexible paper, stout binding—my copy, in daily use for several years is still as firm in the binding as ever.

A HANDFUL OF SMALL BOOKS

OLIVER A. WALLACE, from his private press at Grand Rapids, Michigan, has issued 150 copies of our old favorite "Thar She Blows." We have always preferred this classic of the whaling fleet to "Moby Dick"—perhaps because we can understand it. There are free and easy sketches by Joseph Chenoweth, and a fitting stencilled cover. Type and presswork leave something to be desired—but 'tis a welcome effort.

From the printing-house of William Edwin Rudge come two well-printed books: a slight, thin effort of George Moore's, hitherto unpublished, "The Making of an Immortal," published by the Bowling Green Press, an attractive piece of modern typography; and "The Fairy Goose," by Liam O'Flaherty, published by Crosby Gaige—printed on thick paper with the grain the wrong way which damns any book.

Hand-set in good type by Earl Widtman, Utica, comes an attractively designed book (with a rather poor title-page) containing an unpublished poem of Walt Whitman's "Pictures," with introduction and notes by Emory Holloway, and published by June House.

The Moore and Whitman items are first editions, and of interest to collectors.

This year's Lakeside Classic, "Death Valley in '49," is edited by Milo M. Quaife of the Burton Historical Collection at Detroit. The Publisher's Preface recalls the fact that this is the twenty-fifth of the series, and states that they are pondering over the question of whether to continue the series in the format which "represents what it was intended to do—a high standard of workaday bookmaking," or to abandon this in order that "each year's publication shall represent the current fashion in more elaborate books." They must settle this problem for themselves, but it is permissible for an effete Easterner to wish that they might have substituted for an elaborate current fashion, the possibility of showing each year how they think the typographic details of the text selected should be handled so as to make a satisfying book. After a quarter century of Spartan self repression, even a Chicagoan is entitled to long for a chance to splurge. With that discipline of restraint behind them, the friends of the Donnelley firm will await the outcome, if they decide to show what they can do in other formats, without anxiety.

The University of Chicago has just issued the ninth edition of its "Manual of Style, with Specimen of Types." The ninth follows the general plan of the revised eighth edition, published in 1925, and forms an invaluable part of the proof-room library, as well as a guide for authors. It will be a sorry day when any one style dominates in American printing, but since some style is preferable to none, and the Chicago book has been compiled with great care and in much detail, we commend its study. And the arrangement of type specimens is quite the best of any similar book which we have seen since DeVinne's "Types of the DeVinne Press."

ANNOUNCED FOR PUBLICATION

(Note: This list is made up from publishers' announcements and advertisements. Reviews and comments can only be made when copies of books are sent to the editors.)

THE FLEURON. Volume VI. London: The Fleuron, Ltd., 101 Gt. Russell St.

BIBLIOGRAPHICA BACCHICA. (Books befor 1800 "illustrant la soif humaine,). By *André I. Simon*. Volume I, Incunabula. London: Maggs Bros. 250 copies. $15.35.

TROILUS AND CRISEYDE. By *Geoffrey Chaucer*. 225 copies, including 6 on vellum. Wood engravings by Eric Gill. London: Golden Cockerel Press.

BUNKER HILL. Notes and Queries on a Famous Battle. By *Harold Murdock*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 500 copies. $8.50.

"THE BEAUX STRATAGEM." By *George Farquahar*, with seven engravings on copper by Labourer. Doubleday, Page & Co. Typography by Stanley Morison. Four editions, after the French manner, some on hand-made paper, and 450 copies on common paper. $10 to $175.

R.

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from page* 541)

inevitably difficult. It is with surprise and delight that one discovers how successfully and with what charm he can address a popular audience. Without sacrifice of accuracy he brings to the front the cardinal facts relieved of confusing details. The story is enlivened by frequent asides, shrewd and quaint, revealing the humanity and humor of the writer who is found to be much more than the Living Machine which many might have expected.

An athlete himself Doctor Hill has recently conducted a study of athletic performance—at Cornell and elsewhere—making use of novel and ingenious experimental methods. He has measured the speed of runners at every stage of their progress over the course. He has correlated speed with the expenditure of bodily fuel and made deductions as to efficiency. These observations are central in the book. But they are preceded by an elementary account of muscle physiology and followed by a thoughtful discussion of the relation of the sciences to one another and to philosophy. In this section as in what has gone before a kindly and tolerant temper is shown. The author does justice to the views of the most extreme partisans. His own position is defined with moderation yet it is a challenging one.

The illustrations are admirable.

ANIMAL ECOLOGY. By CHARLES ELTON. Macmillan. 1927. $4.

Ecology is at the same time the oldest and the youngest department of the biological sciences. In the olden days, practically all biology was confined to natural history in which great volumes of data were accumulated. As a science, however, it becomes necessary to summarize the findings of natural history in general laws and ecology is trying to express in scientific laws the relations of different species to each other as members of a community; as the author expresses it, ecology is the sociology and economics of animals and plants.

The facts of ecology are among the most important from the point of view of human welfare. Were our generalizations more complete in this field we could control with much better success the plagues of harmful creatures which so often, especially in recent years, have threatened man's mastery of his environment.

The problems of ecology are so far-reaching that progress in generalization is very slow. The methods of investigation are still very imperfect so that almost all that can be expected of a text at this time is a sketch of the general problems and methods.

Among the problems suggested may be mentioned the distribution of animal communities in different kinds of environments, the effects of the several environmental factors upon the extent of communities, and the variations from time to time in the numbers of individuals of different species.

The author has done much interesting work especially in the Arctic where ecological relations are simpler than elsewhere and has made a distinct contribution to biology in this text.

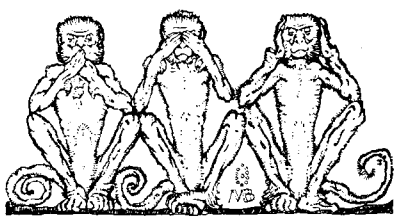
Travel

PEAKS AND PEOPLE OF THE ADIRONDACKS. By RUSSELL M. L. CARSON. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.50.

In the Foreword to the volume under review the author gives its *raison d'être*, and strictly adheres to his plan as outlined. "The purpose of this book is simple. Its scope is limited to a small area in Essex and Franklin counties, New York, on which forty-six peaks rise to an altitude of four thousand feet or over. Its primary object is to tell the 'how, when, and why' of the names of these forty-six, about which but very little has ever before been known."

While Mr. Carson brings to his task zeal, a love of nature, and a simple but adequate style, his book is not one that will appeal to the average reader who has no special interest in the region described. It will not hold the "common reader's" interest as, for example, such a book as John Muir's "Steep Trails." Mr. Carson has been indefatigable in his search for source material and has reduced it to two hundred and fifty-odd pages of readable type. Indeed, he has provided abundant information for the prospective climber in the Adirondacks.

The pen-and-ink sketches of Herbert Kates and the maps of Jerome Kates, together with an appropriate green binding, give a neat and pleasing physical appearance to the book.



SHOP TALK

IT looked as though the session was due to end in a row, and it did. There he sat glaring at us ferociously, our friend the business manager of the *Saturday Review*. We were discussing the re-appearance of this column "in entirely new form—bigger and better than ever." No suggestion pleased him. All of the old columns were scanned in order to get new ideas, but nothing came of it. (It may be remembered by one or six of the readers that a series of these things appeared some time ago). The office became warm and smoky. We sank back in our chairs, exhausted by the great mental effort, made one last attempt to work out a plan, and parted, no longer on speaking terms.

* * * * * * *

On the next day we ran into Mahlon Blaine, who illustrated "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and "Salammbo" (Day) and "The Further Side of Silence" (Doubleday). Mr. Blaine is a nice, obliging individual. Upon being told of our dilemma, he offered his services. He's a lot easier to work with than the business manager and we finally agreed on the masthead—even though we thought at the time that adhering strictly to all that it implies may not always be within our power. So we had a masthead and thanked Mr. Blaine politely.

* * * * * * *

Armed with the drawing the b. m. was again approached. Coats were removed and sleeves rolled up once more and the 1928 campaign at last took form on paper. All that was needed was a title. Many witty, smart, alliterative captions were suggested and discarded. One could hear the hum of the thinking as this intricate problem was worked out. Finally it was decided to give it the name it now bears, entirely new, of course, and clever, no end. At that, if it's going to be devoted to bookshops and the trade, why not?

* * * * * * *

From now on this column will contain stories of and about booksellers, bookstores, publishers, writers, almost anything in fact that will in any way sell a few books by interesting the casual reader, not of the *Saturday Review*—all are *eager* readers of the periodical itself, but the casual reader of this column.

We hope to draw on the mighty and the clever, from time to time, for contributions and will report faithfully the ideas of the trade, and of the people in it—what they think—and how. This may or may not be of interest to the readers. We hope it is, because, if they read it, it *may* sell more books—which is, of course, the object—otherwise, why waste all of this good ink and paper?

Of course, we know that readers of a paper of this type are bookbuyers. We feel, however, that they are not booksellers and our fell purpose is to put them on the payroll without pay. If as a consequence of our scribbling a certain number of them begin to drag or drive their friends to our members' stores; if traffic outside of these stores is halted because of the crush of people trying to enter, then indeed will we feel that our work has been exceedingly successful.

If, on the other hand, one or two smiles, or bits of information are obtained by the readers, and perhaps some are stimulated to the point of giving a subscription to the *Saturday Review* to friends, we will consider the time well spent, anyway.

So there you are.

Ellis W. Meyers
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

American Booksellers Association

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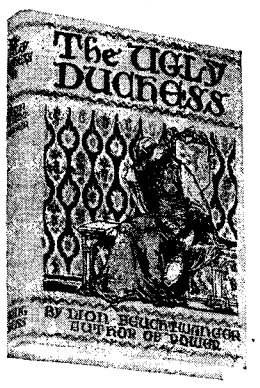

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THE VIKING PRESS
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THE PHOENIX NEST

AN age, we say easily, is ended, since *Thomas Hardy* is dead. But the veteran of Max Gate seemed to many to belong to this era quite as much as to the one preceding. Just prior to the Great War he was writing better lyrical poetry than the young Georgians. . . .

In Hardy resided the great tradition of English verse and prose. Unobtrusively he accumulated his own greatness. There is no better pattern of the born writer, of one who honored the high profession of letters and, in turn, was honored by it. . . .

We say this now, and the press is filled with his praises. But the reception of "Jude the Obscure" turned him back to the writing of poetry in the belief that there was no interest in his novels. After that he suited himself in another fashion. This we forget. The world always forgets what it is uncomfortable to remember. . . .

Hardy is reported to have said, "For my own part, I think, though all writers may not agree with me, that the shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse. The apparent paradox that the best poetry is the best prose ceases on examination to be a paradox and becomes a truism." His own work is ample proof of this. He placed his poetry first in his affections and "The Dynasts" is a monumental poetic drama that will endure. His briefer poems are an even richer mine than are Browning's in their shrewdly significant observation of men and women, in their many-sided presentation of the multitudinous ironies of life. And added to this was a lyricism that never failed. In his own characteristic fashion he outsang in age the young Apollos that came after to dispute the crown. . . .

Hardy was always Hardy, and yet he renewed himself through two epochs. This is one of the most remarkable achievements in letters. He never received the Nobel award for Literature. That is natural. It is better so. The world has come to a slow recognition of the colossal stupidity of that omission. It is better so. The master ironist passes crowned with that irony. But he takes his place with the great of all time, and the awards of the world are unbearably trivial in view of that eminence. . . .

Beginning at the age of thirty in less than a quarter of a century he had written some eight novels at least four of which rank among the finest in English literature. In this day when novels are turned out like batches of hot cakes every season, and completely forgotten in the next, the commercial world may well stare and wonder. But the intellectual integrity of Hardy stands, and will stand long, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. There is a notable poem by *John Gould Fletcher* that expresses how he seems to us. . . .

Some find Hardy's philosophy too bleak, the prospect seen through his eyes too dark. He saw clearly, deeply, he flinched from no evidence. He followed tragic circumstance to its springs in human emotion, and in musing upon human existence, endowed with a power of analysis of its essential tragedy in some respects greater than Shakespeare's, he also possessed beauty. The true goddess descended to the embrace of his verse. *Keats*, in a flash of inspiration, has told us why this is so.

"Hardy enjoyed the earth no less." The Wessex landscape in its many aspects of sun and storm is imperishably transferred to the printed pages of his work. . . .

Today writing is a trade for many, a business by means of which to amass a fortune, an occupation distracted by expediences, by the clamor of continual disproportionate eulogy. It is accepted as a shrewd and clever saying that money, as in all things (we assume), is literature's greatest impetus. This great man of letters lived according to a truer light. He thought, he pondered, he wrote; all else was alien to him, quite properly alien. His had been, and remained to him, the most honorable of professions. There are others now alive who view it as such. To them any scamping of work, any jerry-building of invention, any setting down of statements in which one does not truly believe, any planned pursuit of popularity, any descent from the highest dictates of one's intelligence, is anathema. This is well. This is what Hardy's life taught, for one thing. . . .

Hardy's is not the only view of life. But what he actually thought and what he actually saw, that he set down, summoning every atom of his unusual creative gift to the pleasure and the task. That he conceived as the foundation of his profession. It is the rule to be applied to all good work. Granted the gift to write, the work is great because the man is great, because intellectually and spiritually he surpasses the rest of us—not because he writes in this manner or in that. . . .

We touch nobility in this life, noble intention, noble creation. Now the pen is laid aside. The work is done; it will be the subject of infinite sifting and revaluation. Some of it will forever survive, much will be put to one side. But at the time of its composition every line of it was set down, not for this extraneous reason or for that, but because intense thought, intense feeling impelled the pen controlled by the deepest recognition of the stewardship to which a true writer is born. . . .

And now, gentles, with the closing remark that *E. M. Forster*, in his "Aspects of the Novel," gives more space to the fantasy of *Norman Matson* than to any other writer, (Norman Matson being co-author with *Susan Glaspell* of "The Comic Artist" just published by Stokes) we bow ourselves out. If you have never read "Flecker's Magic" by this same Norman Matson, we certainly urge you to do so. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

JANUARY DETECTIVES

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A colossal SIMON AND SCHUSTER map of the world, in four colors—we call it colossal because we had so much fun devising it, and because it costs 14 cents to mail—will be sent to the first fifty readers, if any, of this column who send their request to MERCATOR, care of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 37 West 57 Street, New York.

Friday is SIMON AND SCHUSTER'S regular publication day, and even when it falls on the thirteenth, the schedule is maintained, with the result that HALDANE MACFALL'S biography, *Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Pierrot, The Harlequin of His Age*, is released on what, according to the American credo, is an unlucky day.

The Inner Sanctum believes that a distinguished and adult book about one of the most exciting figures of the Naughty Nineties would not appeal to cringing and superstitious folk, anyway.

In the *Sanctum's* subterranean vault for Priceless Letters and Rare Memorabilia goes this communication just received from EDWIN W. ATWOOD, of 721 Grand Traverse Street, Flint, Michigan:

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
New York
Gentlemen:
From time to time as they have been published, I have purchased a copy each of your *Cross Word Puzzle Books*, eight in all.
What would it cost me to buy from you one each of these eight books, as I might like to *fill* 'em up again?

Series Nine of *The Cross Word Puzzle Book* will be published next Friday, January 20th. Booksellers are booking advanced orders. (advt.)

Our next staff orgy will be in the form of a beefsteak dinner, for we have just received from ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN of Johannesburg, Transvaal, a hand-wrought gridiron—an exact replica of the gridiron which he sold to MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS. The old man spent three days making it for *The Inner Sanctum*.

We were wondering what a city like Detroit does when most of its Big Men leave home for the Automobile Show in New York. The answer came in this clipping from yesterday's *Detroit News*:

Best sellers in Detroit for the week:
General Literature
1. *Trader Horn*
2. *The Royal Road to Romance*
3. *Mother India*
4. *The Glorious Adventure*
5. *America*
6. *Bismarck*

Books most in demand at the Detroit Public Library for the week:
General Literature
1. *The Story of Philosophy*
2. *Transition*
3. *That Man Heine*
4. *"We"*
5. *Trader Horn*
6. *Count Luckner*

—ESSANDESS

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